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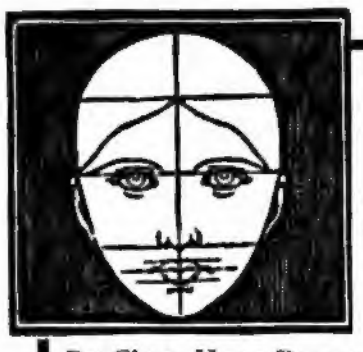
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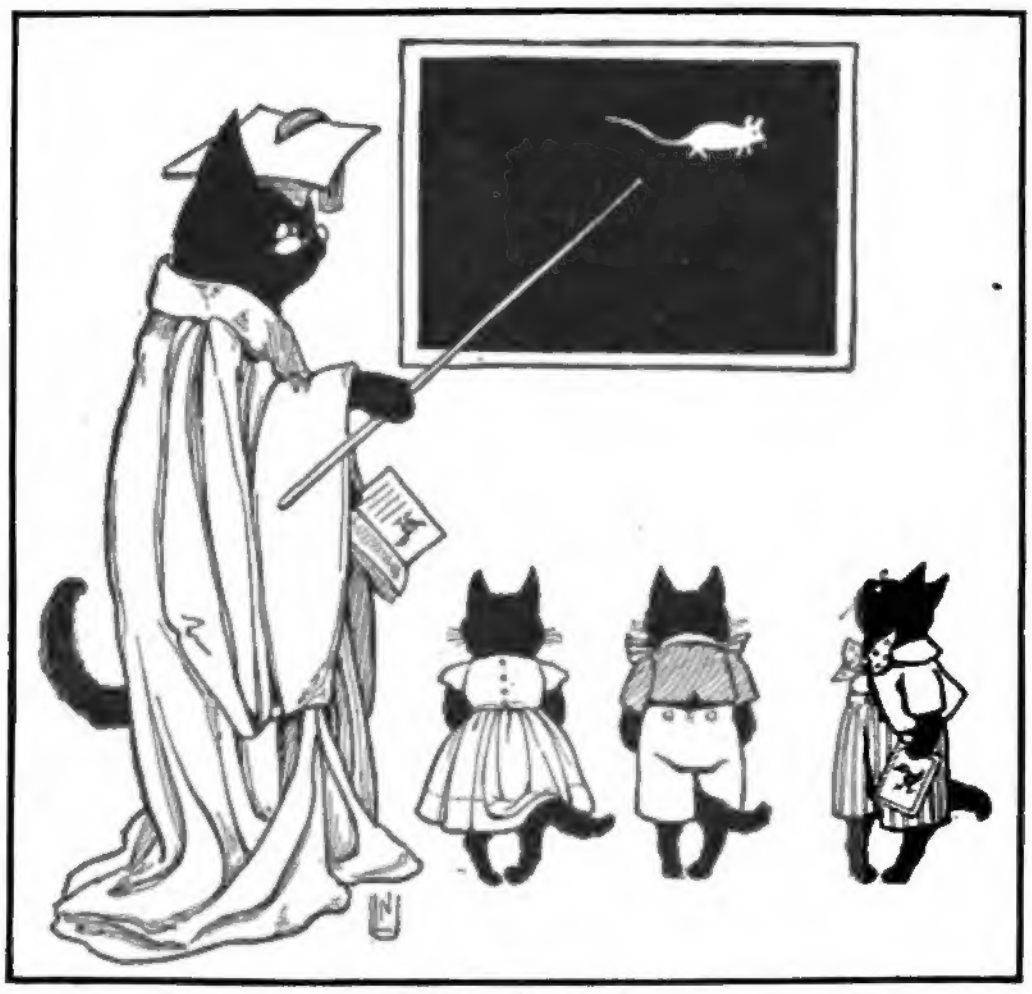
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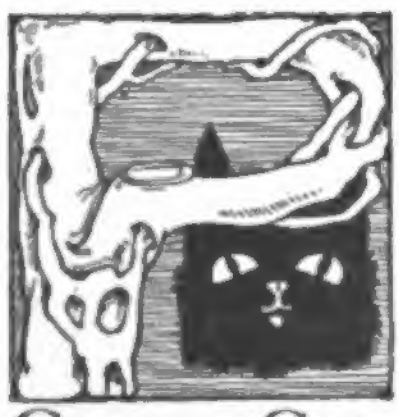
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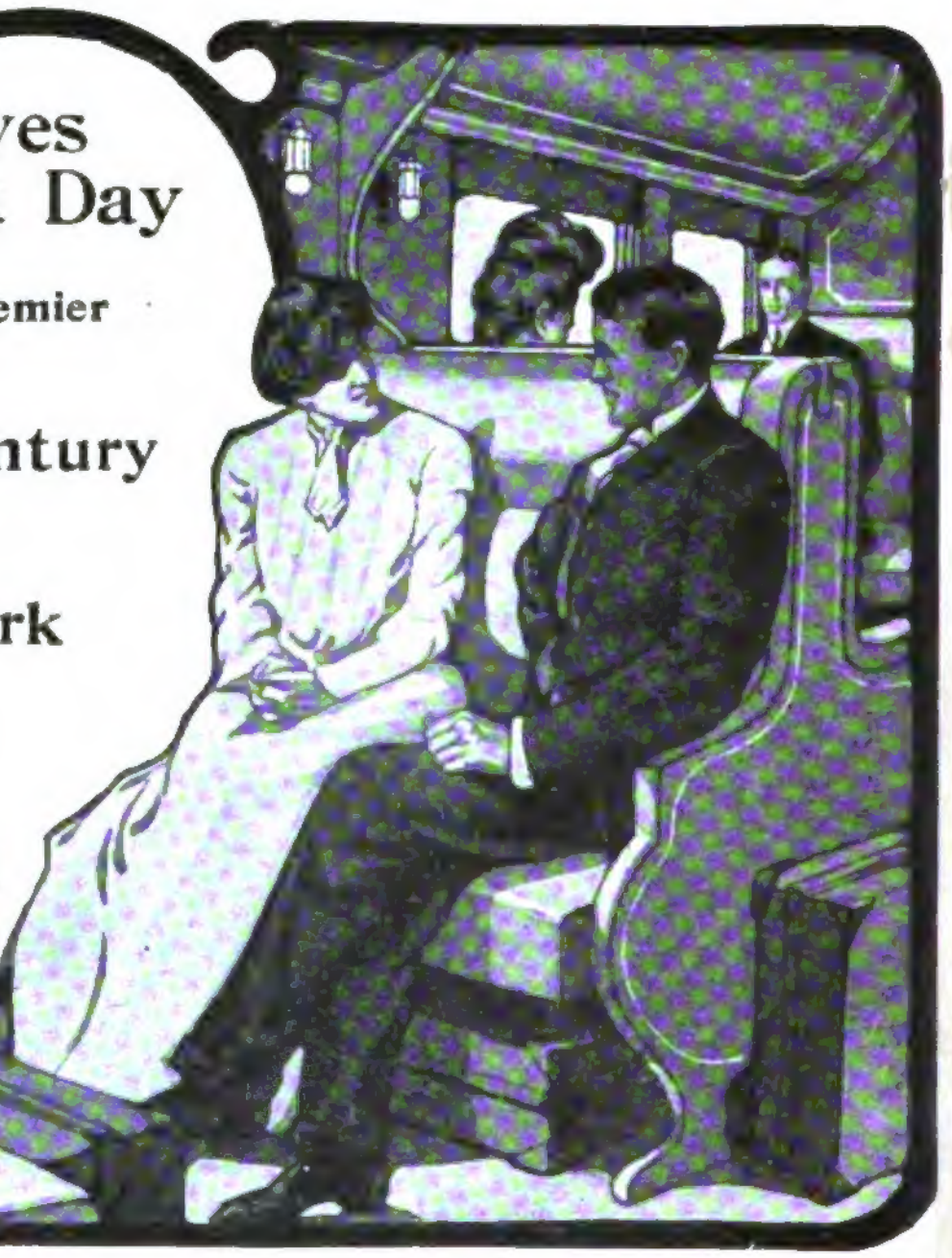
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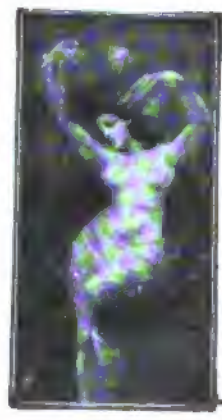
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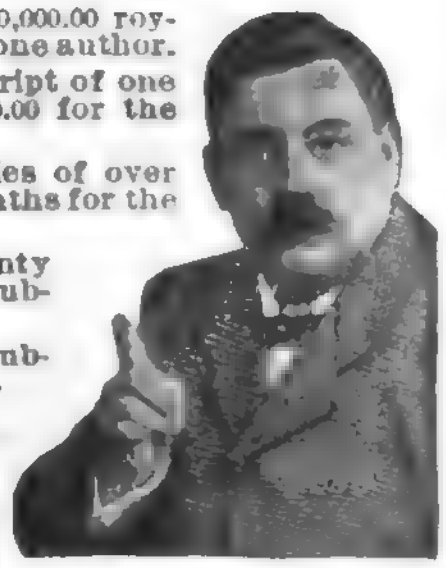
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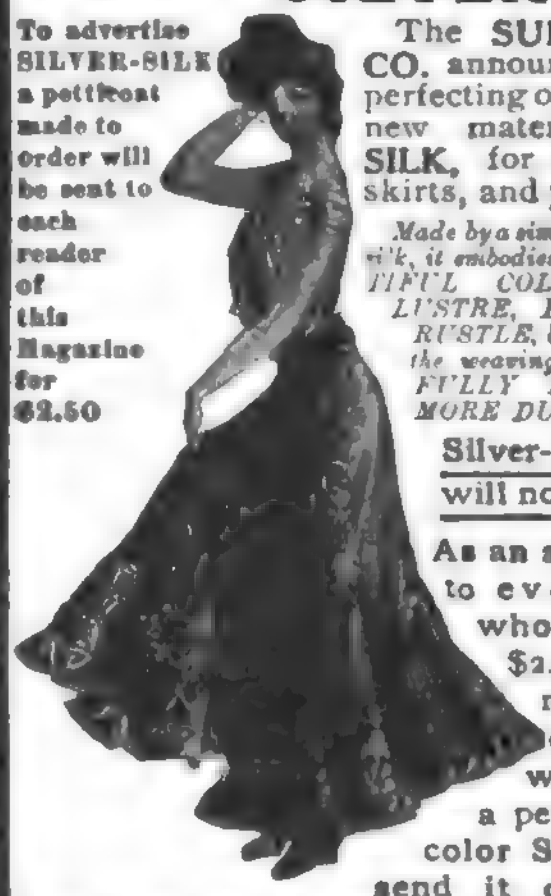
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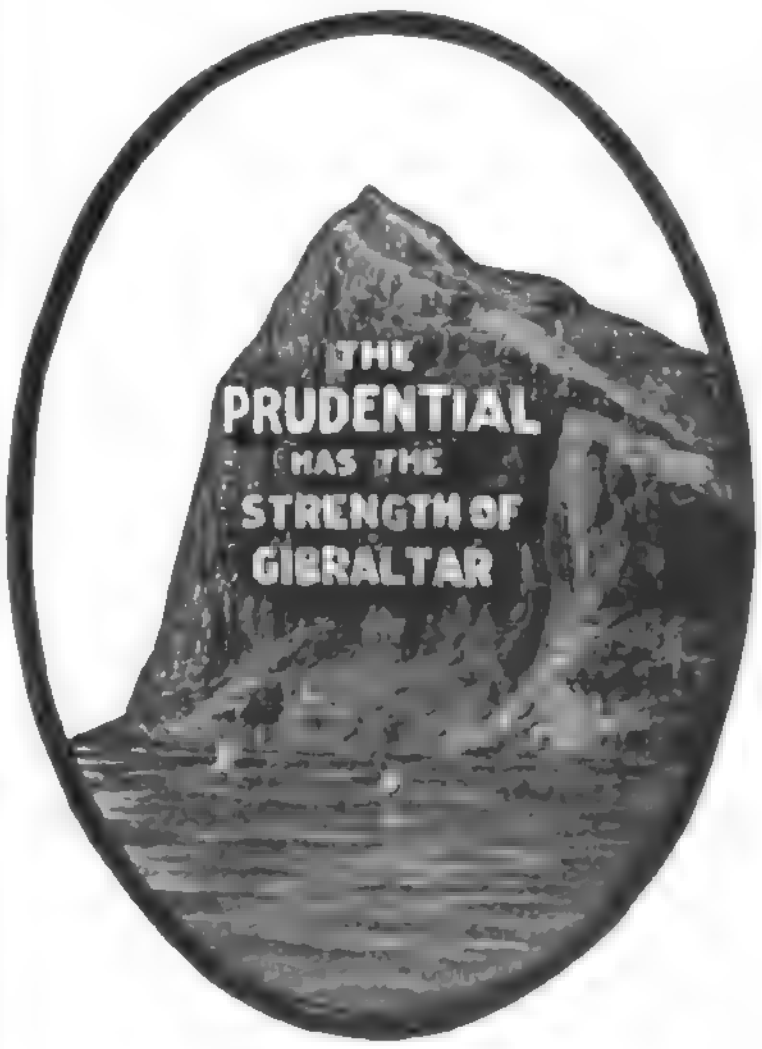
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For Love of the Hills.*

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.



URE you 're done with it?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl, the suggestion of a smile on her face, and in her voice the suggestion of a tear. "Yes; I was just going."

But she did not go. She turned instead to the end of the alcove and sat down before a table placed by the window. Leaning her elbows upon it she looked about her through a blur of tears.

It was quiet that afternoon in the big reading-room; few were coming and going, and outside it was raining — raining as in that city alone it knows how to rain.

Seen through her own eyes of longing it seemed to the girl that almost all of the people whom she could see standing before the files of the daily papers were enlisted in Chicago's great army of the homesick. The reading-room had been a strange study to her during those three weeks spent in fruitless search for the work she wanted to do, and it had likewise proved a strange comfort. When tired and disconsolate and utterly sick at heart there was always one thing she could do — she could go down to the library

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(RECAP)

and look at the paper from home. It was not that she wanted the actual news of Denver. She did not care in any vital way what the city officials were doing, what buildings were going up, or who was leaving town. She was only indifferently interested in the fires and the murders. She wanted only the comforting companionship of that paper from home.

It seemed there were many to whom the papers offered that same sympathy, companionship, whatever it might be. More than anything else it perhaps gave to them — the searchers, the drifters — a sense of anchorage. She would not soon forget the first day she herself had stumbled in there and found the home paper. The city had given her nothing but rebuffs that day, and in a sort of desperation, just because she must go somewhere, and did not want to go back to her boarding-place, she had hunted out the city library. It was when walking listlessly about in the big reading-room that there had come to her the illumining thought that perhaps she could find the paper from home; she did find it. And after that when things were their very worst, when her throat grew tight and her eyes dim, she could always comfort herself by saying: "After a while I 'll run down and look at the paper from home."

But to-night it had failed her. It was not the paper from home to-night. It was just a newspaper. It did not inspire the belief that things would be better to-morrow, that it would all come right soon. It left her as she had come — heavy with the consciousness that in her purse was eleven dollars, and that that was every cent she had in all the world.

It was hard to hold back the tears as she dwelt upon the fact that it was very little she had asked of Chicago. She had asked only a chance to do the work for which she was trained, in order that she might go to the art classes at night. She had read in the papers of that mighty young city of the Middle West — the heart of the continent — of its brawn and its brain and its grit. She had supposed that Chicago, of all places, would appreciate what she wanted to do. The day she drew her hard-earned one hundred dollars from the bank in Denver — how the sun had shone that day in Denver, how clear the sky had been, and how bracing the air! — she had quite taken it for granted that her

future was assured. And now, after tasting for three weeks the cruelty of indifference, she looked back to those visions with a hard little smile.

She rose to go, and in so doing her eye fell upon the queer little woman to whom she had yielded her place before the Denver paper. Submerged as she had been in her own heartache, she had given no heed to the small figure which came slipping along beside her beyond the bare thought that she was queer-looking. But as her eyes rested upon her now there was something about the woman which held her.

She was a strange little figure. An old-fashioned shawl was pinned tightly about her shoulders, and she was wearing a queer, rusty little bonnet. Her hair was rolled up in a small knot at the back of her head. She did not look as though she belonged in Chicago. And then, as the girl stood there looking at her, she saw the thin shoulders quiver, and after a minute the head that was wearing the rusty bonnet went down into the folds of the Denver paper, and the woman was sobbing with a quiet tragicalness.

The girl's own eyes filled, and she turned to go. It seemed she could scarcely bear her own heartache that day, without coming close to the heartache of another. But when she reached the end of the alcove she glanced backward, and the sight of that shabby, bent figure, all alone before the Denver paper, was not to be withstood.

"I am from Colorado, too," she said, softly, putting a hand upon the bent shoulders.

The woman looked up at that, and took the girl's hand in both of her thin, trembling ones. The girl saw that there was a hopelessness upon the wan face, and that in those eyes there was a dimness — a misty, blurred look — which did not seem to have been left there by the tears alone.

"And do you have a pining for the mountains?" she whispered, with a kind of timid eagerness. "Do you have a feeling that you want to see the sun go down behind them to-night, and that you want to see the darkness come slippin' down from the tops?"

The girl half turned away her head, but she pressed the

woman's hand tightly in hers. "I know what you mean," she said, tremulously.

"I wanted to see it so bad," continued the woman, with the passionateness of the defeated, "that something just drove me here to this paper. I knowed it was here because my nephew's wife brought me here one day and we come across it. We took this paper at home for more 'an twenty years. That 's why I come. 'T was the closest I could get."

"I know what you mean," said the girl again, her voice thick with tears now.

"And it 's the closest I ever will get!" sobbed the woman.

"Oh, don't say that," said the girl, brushing away her own tears, and trying to smile; "you'll go back home some day."

"The woman shook her head. "And if I should," she said, "even if I should, 't will be too late."

"But it couldn't be too late," insisted the girl. "The mountains, you know, will be there forever."

"The mountains will be there forever," repeated the woman, musingly; "yes, but not for me to see. You see," she said it with a quivering dignity, "I 'm going blind."

"Oh!" — the girl took a quick, backward step, and then stretched out two impulsive hands — "oh, no, no, you're not! The doctors, you know; they do everything now."

The woman shook her head. "That 's what I thought when I come here. That 's why I come. But I saw the biggest doctor of them all to-day, — they all say he 's the biggest of them all, — and he said right out and out 't was no use to do anything. He said 't was — hopeless."

The last word came with a dry sob. "You see," she hurried on, the words wet with tears now, "I wouldn't care so much, seems like I wouldn't care 't all, if I could get there first! If I could see the sun go down behind 'em just one night! If I could see the black shadows come slippin' over 'em just once! And then, if just one morning — just once! — I could get up and see the sunlight come a streamin' — oh, you know how it looks! You know what 't is I want to see!"

"Yes; but why can't you? Why not? You won't go — your eyesight will last until you get back home, won't it?"

"But I can't go back home, not now."

"Why not?" demanded the girl. "Why can't you go home?"

"Why, there ain't no money, my dear," she explained, patiently. "It 's a long way off — Colorado is, and there ain't no money. Now, George, — George is my brother-in-law, — he got me the money to come; but you see it took it all to come here, and to pay them doctors with. And George, — he ain't rich, and it pinched him hard for me to come, — he says I 'll have to wait until he gets money laid up again, and — well he can't tell just when 't will be. He'll send it soon as he gets it," she hastened to add. "He 's willin', George is; but he can't send what he ain't got."

"But what are you going to do in the meantime? It would cost less to get you home than to keep you here."

"No; I stay with my nephew here. He 's willin' I should stay with him till I get my money to go home."

"Yes; but this nephew, can't he get you the money? Doesn't he know" — the girl's voice broke — "what it means to you?"

"He 's got five children, and not much laid up. And then, he never seen the mountains. He don't know what I mean when I try to tell him about gettin' there in time. Why, he says there 's many a one living back in the mountains would like to be livin' here. He don't understand, — my nephew don't," — she added, apologetically.

"Well, some one ought to understand!" broke from the girl. "I understand! But — why, eleven dollars is every cent I've got in the world!" — and the girl who had sturdily held out against her own sorrows leaned her head over on the shelf upon which the paper rested, and cried as if the tears were coming from the very depth of her heart.

"Don't!" implored the woman, putting a hand upon the bowed head. "Now, don't you be botherin'. I didn't mean to make you feel so bad. My nephew says I ain't reasonable, and maybe I ain't."

"But you are reasonable! It's awful for you not to go! It's — hideous!"

"Maybe I ought to be going back," said the woman, uncertainly. "I'm just making you feel bad, and it won't do no good. And then they may come back and be stirred up about me. Emma —

Emma's my nephew's wife — left me at the doctor's office 'cause she had some trading to do, and she was to come back there for me. And then, as I was sittin' there, the pinin' came over me so strong it seemed I just must get up and start! And " — she smiled a little — " this was far as I got."

" Come over and sit down by this table," said the girl, impulsively, " and tell me a little about your home back in the mountains. Wouldn't you like to? "

The woman nodded, gratefully. " Seems most like getting back to them to find some one that knows about them," she said, after they had drawn their chairs up to the table and were sitting there side by side.

The girl put her rounded hand over on the thin, withered one. " Tell me about it," she said again.

" Maybe it wouldn't be much interesting to you, my dear. 'Tain't much like a story. It's just a common life — mine is. You see, William and I — William was my husband — we went to Georgetown before it really was any town at all. Years and years before the railroad went through we was there. Was you ever there? " she asked, wistfully.

" Oh, very often," replied the girl. " I love every inch of that country ! "

A big tear rolled down the woman's face. " It's most like being home to find some one that knows about it," she whispered, brokenly.

" Yes, William and I we went there when 'twas all new country," she went on, after a sympathetic pause. " We worked hard, and we laid up a little money. Then, three years ago, William took sick. He was sick for most a year, and we had to live up most of what we'd saved. That's why I ain't got none now. It ain't that William didn't provide."

The girl nodded. " We seen some hard days. But we was always harmonious — William and I was. And William had a great fondness for the mountains. The night before he died he made them take him over by the window and he looked out and watched the darkness come stealin' over the daylight — you know how it does in them mountains. " Mother," he says to me — his voice was that low I could no more 'an hear what he said — " I'll

never see another sun go down, but I'm thankful to God that I seen this one."

She was crying outright now, and the girl did not try to stop her. "And that's the reason I love the mountains," she whispered at last. "It ain't just that they're grand and wonderful to look at. It ain't just the things them tourists sees to talk about. But the mountains has always been like a comfortin' friend to me. John and Sarah is buried there — John and Sarah is my two children that died of fever. And then William is there — like I just told you. And the mountains was a comfort to me in all those times of trouble. They're like an old friend. Seems like they're the best friend I've got on earth."

"I know just what you mean," said the girl, brokenly. "I know all about it."

"And you don't think I'm just notional — a moving wistfulness was in the woman's voice — "in pinin' to get back while — whilst I can look at them?"

The girl held the old hand tightly in hers with a clasp more sympathetic than words.

"It ain't but I'd know they was there. I could feel they was there all right, but"— her voice sank to a horrified whisper now — "do you know I'm 'fraid I might forget just how they look!"

"Oh, but you wouldn't," the girl assured her. "You'd remember just how they look."

"I'm scared of it. I'm scared there might be something I'd forget. And so I just torment myself thinkin' — 'Now do I remember this? Can I see just how that looks?' That's the way I got to thinkin' up in the doctor's office, when he told me for sure it was no use to operate, and I was so worked up it just seemed like I must get up and start!"

"You must try not to worry about it," murmured the girl. "You'll remember."

"Well, maybe so. Maybe I will. But that's why I want just one more look. If I could look once more I'd remember it forever and ever. You see I'd look for to remember it, and I would. And do you know — seems like I wouldn't mind going blind so much then? When I'd sit facin' them I'd just say to myself: 'Now I know just how they look. I'm seeing them just as if I

had my eyes!' The doctor says my sight'll just kind of slip away, and when I look my last look, when it gets dimmer and dimmer to me, I want the last thing I see to be them mountains where William and me worked and was so happy! Seems like I can't bear it to have my sight slip away here in Chicago, where there's nothing I want to look at! And then to have a little left — to have just a little left! —and to know I could see if I was there to look — and to know that when I get there 'twill be — oh, I'll be rebellious-like here — and I'd be contented there! I don't want to be complainin' — I don't want to! — but when I've only got a little left I want it — oh, I want it for them things I want to see!"

"You *will* see them!" said the girl, with a tearful passionateness. "The world can't be so hideous as that!"

"Well, maybe so," said the woman, rising. "But I don't know where 'twill come from," she added, doubtfully.

She took the woman back to the doctor's office and left her in the care of the stolid Emma. "Seems most like I'd been back home," she said in parting, and the girl promised to come and see her and talk with her of the far-away home in the mountains. The woman said she thought talking about them would help her to remember just how they looked.

And then the girl returned to the library. She did not know why she did so. In truth she scarcely knew she was going there until she found herself sitting before that same table at which she and the woman had sat a little while before. For a long time she sat there with her head in her hands, her tears falling upon a pad of yellow paper on the table before her.

Finally she dried her eyes, opened her purse, and counted her money. In some way it seemed that out of her great desire, out of her great new need, there must be more than she had thought. But there was not, and she folded her hands upon the two five-dollar bills and the one silver dollar and looked with an utter hopelessness about the big room.

She had forgotten her own disappointments, her own loneliness. She was oblivious to everything in the world now save what seemed the absolute necessity of getting the woman back to the mountains while she yet had eyes to see them.

But what could she do? Again she counted the money. She

could make herself, someway or other, get along without one of the five-dollar bills, but five dollars would not take one very close to the mountains. And then she saw a man standing before the Denver paper, and she saw that another man was waiting to take his place. The one who was reading had a dinner pail in his hand. The clothes of the other told that he, too, was of the world's workers. The man before the paper wore a look which told plainly that to him it was the paper from home. And the one who was waiting had an eagerness, a certain expectancy, in his bearing.

The idea came upon her with such suddenness, sprang upon her so full born, so perfect in every detail, that it made her gasp. They — the people who came to read the Denver paper, the people who loved the mountains and yet were far from them, the people who were themselves homesick and full of longing — were the people to understand.

It took her but a minute to act. She put the silver dollar and one five-dollar bill back in her purse. She clutched the other bill in her left hand, picked up a pencil, and began to write. She headed the petition: "To all who know and love the mountains," and she told the story with the simpleness of one speaking from the heart, and the directness of one speaking to those sure to understand. "And so I found her here by the Denver paper," she said, after she had stated the tragic facts, "because it was the closest she could come to the mountains. Her heart is not breaking because she is going blind. It is breaking because she may never again look with seeing eyes upon those great hills which rise up about her home. We must do it for her simply because we would wish that, under like circumstances, some one do it for us. She belongs to us because we understand.

"If you can only give fifty cents, please do not hold it back because it seems but little. Fifty cents will take her seventeen miles nearer home — seventeen miles closer to the things upon which she longs that her last seeing glance may fall."

After she had written it she rose, and, the five-dollar bill in one hand, the sheets of yellow paper in the other, walked down the long room to the desk at which one of the librarians sat. The girl's cheeks were very red, her eyes shining with excitement, as with a hot eloquence she poured out the story. They mingled

their tears of sympathy together, for the girl at the desk was herself young and far from home, and then they walked back to the Denver paper, and pinned the sheets of yellow paper just above the file. At the bottom of the petition the librarian wrote: "Leave your money at the desk in this room. It will be properly attended to." The girl from Colorado then turned over her five-dollar bill and passed out into the gathering night.

Her heart was brimming with joy. "I can get a cheaper boarding place," she told herself, stepping jauntily along through the puddles of water, "and until something else turns up I can get a place in a store."

One by one they had gathered around while the woman was telling the story. "And so, if you don't mind," she said, in conclusion, "I'd like to have you put in a little piece that I got to Denver safe, so's they can all see it. They was all so worked up about when I'd get here. Would that cost much?" she asked, timidly.

"Not a cent," said the managing editor, his voice gruff with the attempt to keep it steady.

"You might say, if it wouldn't take too much room, that I was much pleased with the prospect of getting home before sundown to-night."

"You needn't worry but what we'll say it all," said the city editor. "We'll say a great deal more than you have any idea of."

"I'm very thankful to you," she said, as she rose to go.

They sat there for some time in silence. "When one considers," said the managing editor, "that they were people who could not subscribe to a daily paper, it makes the story — I was going to say big. I mean tremendous."

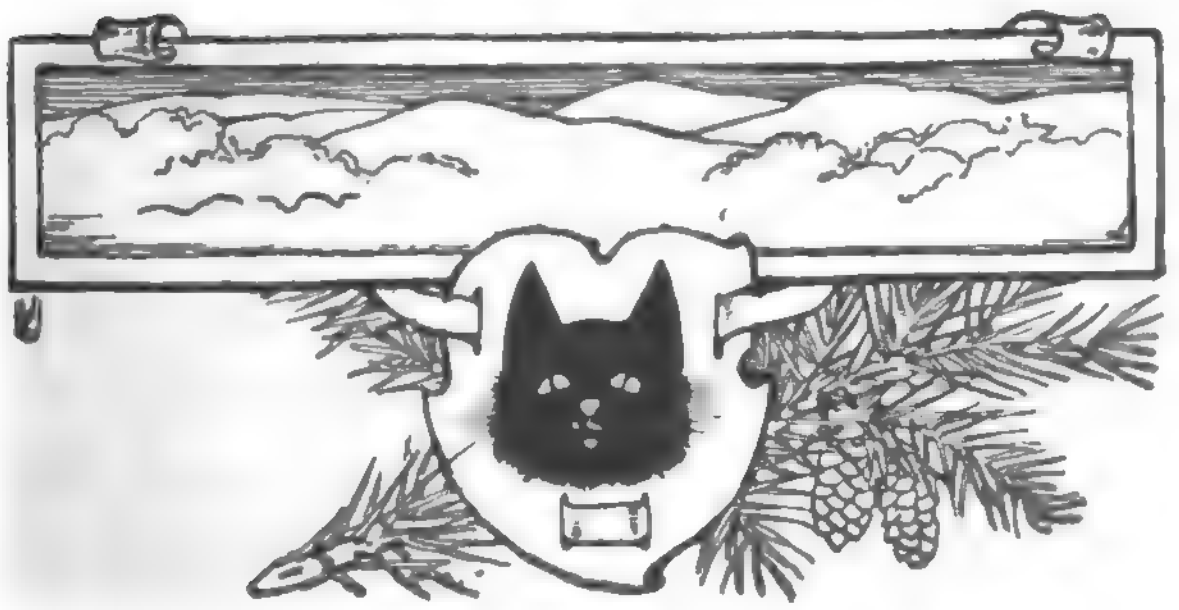
"When one considers that the girl who started it had eleven dollars to her name," began the city editor — and then stopped very abruptly.

The managing editor walked to the door of his own room. "Don't fall down on it, Lewis," he said to the city editor, and closed his door with a bang.

The city editor looked around at the reporters. "It's too bad you can't all have it, when it's so big a chance, but I guess it falls

logically to Raymond. And in writing it just remember, Raymond, that the biggest stories are not written about wars, or about politics, or even murders. The biggest stories are written about the things which draw human beings closer together. And the chance to write them doesn't come every day, or every year, or every lifetime. And I'll tell you, boys, all of you, when it seems sometimes that the milk of human kindness has all turned sour, just you think back to the little story you heard this afternoon."

Slowly the sun slipped down behind the mountains; slowly the long purple shadows deepened to black; and with the coming of the night there settled over the everlasting hills, and over the soul of one who had returned to them, a satisfying peace.



The Flagstaff of Ecstasy.*

BY STANLEY R. OSBORN.



NOBODY knows just how it happened — probably the hand of Destiny opened a pasture gate — but by some means Daisy that morning had found her way among the common herd. Major Henley would not have sold Daisy for worlds, or for a much less consideration — he would not have dared; but Kelly could not know this.

So Daisy Clover, with her blue ribbon, her innocent and inquisitive eyes, her two little cones of horn, and her white-trimmed coat of glossy red — this young and dainty Daisy was driven in a coarse and vulgar way through the streets to the stock pens. Daisy, for her age, knew much — Miss Letitia, a sweet, tender heart of seventeen, had seen to that — but never had the heifer imagined such a journey. But alas! was not proud Marie Antoinette haled through the streets to the noisome dungeons?

Now, it happened this disgrace was not accomplished without a small stampede. Along came a trolley car. None among this young timidity had ever conceived of so bulky an existence with so grindy and gritty a humming. There was a great sensation and Kelly and his aides became very busy. Fortunately, indeed, this little flurry took place before a window from which looked out in footlong letters, "Golden Stock Food." A pleasant sight was this window to any man who might buy stock supplies. A miniature farm had been devised — a lovely cardboard house in the middle of a green tissue field, a barn, a fence, a haycock, and, for entrancing realism, a windmill that pumped an impossibly strong stream of city water into an inartistically large tin pond.

Now Providence and the dusty road had made Daisy thirsty. She was very thirsty and not very scared. Again, the afternoon

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sun had been so put as to light up the foolish little pond and to show no glint of glass to the gratified eye of the heifer.

"Aha!" she thought, "that's a tank. I'll have a drink, and I'll have it first."

And right then and there Daisy Clover skipped the gutter, slid on the flagging, and went pell-mell up to her forequarters in the premises of the Golden Stock Food Company!

Excitement began at once. It continued. John Kidgel, who owned the window, said "damn" in a very loud and unrefined manner, and rushed into the street. The little stenographer screamed and rang the call box unrestrainedly. The patrol wagon answered, as the device could go no further than a riot alarm. Kelly came spurring up, chagrined. The street gathered with naïve pleasure. Kidgel thumped his palm and cried out for damages. In two minutes he had coupled "careless" with so many epithets that Kelly was dismounting to break his face also. The police, being on the ground, considered whether they should arrest the principals. Meanwhile, Daisy Clover with earnest effort was churning up the tableau.

Cool alone of all was Harry Hoover, the picture man of the *Daily Trumpet*. He held a cigarette in his teeth; he maintained a professional calmness; he was taking pictures.

"Right at the instant," he said, "right at the instant. This will be great stuff for Jonesy to play up — great. Queer thing — not cut at all — never would have thought it possible. Ribbon on her neck, too. Lucky that school-ma'am group brought me along here with my tools. Whole show would have been wasted flat."

The disorder ended almost as quickly as it had begun. The police climbed into their wagon, the crowd dispersed, Kidgel sent for a board to shield the outraged toy farm, and Kelly picked a few pieces of glass out of the heifer and started her on for the yards. Harry Hoover hurried to the *Trumpet* building to develop his plates. His enthusiasm grew as he worked.

"My, my, what a prize" he exclaimed. "Right in the act, glass falling, head inside, everything but the crash. Perfect! I thought that little cow meant to start something. Lucky I saw her in time."

There were three pictures: first, the window, and Daisy taking notice; second, the disaster; and third, a lively finale with the whole strength of the company in the scene. Harry was filled with the joy of the artist as he fixed the plates and dried them. It was a great day's work. Later he struck off a proof of the second picture. Then came the inspiration.

"What an ad! What an ad!" he cried. "Why, the idea — a calf actually making a forcible entry into a stock food factory. Nothing is missing; 'Golden Stock Food' as plain as the primer. plenty of samples of the stuff that's warranted to cure dyspepsia in four stomachs, and that silly cowlet butting in. Why, it's worth money; it — it's worth money to me! I'll hold it out. It'll be a crime, but I'll do it. The shop must put up with the other two."

Next morning the city editor of the *Daily Trumpet* smiled broadly into the office telephone. Then he hung up.

"I say, Jones, here's your heifer again. It's a bird of a second-day story." The men in the local room grinned expectantly. "Kuhn says some young woman has been keeping the talk-wire hot since daylight about a pet heifer with a ribbon on its neck. Now she's come down herself and is making an awful row in the office — says it's all a mistake, and she expects them just to find the heifer quick. Kuhn sure is a friend of the *Trumpet*. This should make great stuff, Jones: Sweet young lady — horrid stockyards — bitter woe — calf — mutual rupture — hard-faced Texas cattle moved to tears — and all that sort of thing. Take Hoover and hustle."

So Jones and Harry Hoover swung on to a stockyards car. Jones was full of the joy of a good story, but Harry was decidedly damp spirited.

"Cheer up, old man," cried Jones. "What's wrong with your converter? Has all this clover-scented trouble turned your mind again to that frappé Madeline of the Wheat Patch?"

"It's always there," said Harry Hoover.

"Well, Harry, what's the latest true news from the front? Don't you start any censorship on me — I'm too old a friend. Besides, I'm an expert in these cases."

"I'm not holding out on you, old man; it's just there's nothing

new. The trouble is I haven't two dollars — and no prospects. You know me — fine personal appearance, magnetism, energy, ability — all that sort of thing; but my bills every pay-day just Johnnie-on-the-Spot. Lettie — Miss Letitia Henley is her name, you know — Lettie, I'm sure, likes me a whole lot. But what's the use? She's so young; old man's so awfully old. Rigidly unsentimental — 'Simple child,' 'Susceptible,' 'Romantic girl,' 'Ten years, perhaps'; that's his attitude. Nothing unpleasant, you know; just keeps her from forming opinions — or thinks he does."

"Yes," repeated Jones, suggestively — "or thinks he does."

"Can't say I blame him, though. Here's me — nothing doing; there he is — country gentleman, living on his big place out there, one of the old settlers and first families. His daughter is — you know how fine she is — "

"I do. Referring to our conversation of — " Harry Hoover was too dejected to follow this flippant lead. As he would have said himself, he continued with a black broadcloth band on his voice.

"Major knows she's so young, so unsophisticated, dresses so tastefully, and is such a looker. Natural enough for him to play Exalted Outer Sentinel in that lodge. He looks on us all as Don Juans or marry-a-fortune hyenas. He's standing pat. It's up to me to show I've something real in my hand."

"Yes, it's your move," assented Jones. "You want a trust to work up in — something with plenty of room at the top."

"But Great Scott, Jonesy! think of the time it'll take. I can't wait five or six years for that angel. Besides, think of all the other fellows hanging around. I'm nearly gray looking for some big thing, to make a killing quick. I can't seem to find it."

Harry spoke eloquently on "The Unsatisfactory State of Things" until they reached the yards. They pushed through the busy crowds to the offices. They entered, and a sensation happened to Harry Hoover. There, almost red-eyed and quite uncomfortable, was Miss Letitia Henley. The sweet tender heart of Miss Letitia did not keep her from looking rather more foolish than sadly bereaved when Harry bowed with much manner and shook hands warmly.

"Why Lettie — that is, Miss Henley — is it possible — is it you who have lost your pet?" Miss Letitia blushed.

"Isn't it dreadful? It's Daisy Clover. I know how silly I must seem — but it's too painful to think of that poor little innocent thing brought to this horrid place, and — and maybe killed! Mr. Hoover, you have no idea how fond we all were of her." Harry Hoover thought of wishing he were a pet calf. He did not get a chance — luck was strong for his side. Miss Letitia hurried on: "When she was the tiniest thing her mother was killed and we had to bring her up like any other orphan. She was such a dear little creature — you have no idea — so affectionate and clever — for a calf; just like a spaniel or a kitten. My, the stupid man — Daisy Clover is a real registered Shorthorn."

"Yes, she showed her blood yesterday," said the cheerful Jones. Miss Letitia made an exclamation.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Haven't you seen the morning *Trumpet?* Here, Harry, get out your prints." Harry did so.

"Oh," she cried in dismay, "it's Daisy!" Harry Hoover disliked mental anguish.

"She wasn't hurt a bit — not a bit. You'd be surprised." He told the story.

"The poor little innocent!" She smiled at the photographs in a way to make very apparent her sweet tender heart. And so Harry thought. He would find that pet at once — he certainly would. He told Miss Letitia so.

But Daisy Clover was not so easily found. Major Henley had gone on a flying trip to Chicago, and Kelly was making another raid somewhere. The manager of the yards would have done much for a daughter of Chalmer Henley, but he could not put his finger on a certain red heifer with a blue ribbon. He detailed three of his men to the search. Jones could not help, because of the first afternoon edition. He was detailed to show how the most conscientious effort had failed of a picture. This rescue must be quick — the great packing plants were emptying pen after pen. So the dainty Miss Letitia threaded the reeking ways of the cattle ground. So did Harry Hoover. With Harry, Miss Letitia stooped to look under, and strained on tiptoe to look over, and mounted

fences to look round about. Official figures show they scrutinized two thousand three hundred and twenty original packages of what is technically known as "baby beef." But they found no injured innocent with a blue ribbon. They did find, though, the trail of Kelly — and Harry Hoover reached him with the end of a long-distance wire. Kelly had turned the Henley cattle in with many other yearlings. His "boss" would know where Daisy was. The employer was dreadfully sorry; he feared it a difficult business. A car had gone to Chicago, a packing-house had taken some, and the rest had been sold to feeders, and driven or shipped out of the country. He would write to the buyers and learn if any one of them had a red heifer with a blue ribbon and such and such markings. He could see no other way.

Miss Letitia Henley looked tired and discouraged. Harry Hoover tried to look brave and true and steadfast. He had been more discouraged on the car with Jones.

"We'll just put up a description and a reward," he said. "That ought to help some."

But for all the letters and the reward and the desires of Miss Letitia Henley, Daisy Clover seemed to have gone out of things forever.

During many months prior to the intrusion of Daisy Clover, the Golden Stock Food Company had been drifting toward the financial rocks. After the intrusion it continued to drift. Poor incompetent John Kidgel daily would dip his hand in his hair and rumple it about in an effort to solve the problem. He wanted the business to pay, and not be, as it was, a deadly burden only kept from crushing down by his constant exertions. But every time he rumpled his hair the company was nearer the rocks.

Kidgel had succeeded to the business on the death of his father. The elder man had begun late in life with nothing but a formula. The stock food was an excellent article, and the enterprise had grown to fair proportions and held much promise. Then the founder died, leaving little reserve capital, and the son had been left to carry on the business alone. This he was ill-fitted to do. He was a plodder. His methods did not bring the food before the public. He plowed his hair hopelessly and watched less meritorious goods take the market. The running expenses ate

into the property until everything was mortgaged to the limit of confidence. Now, it was only a question of weeks before the crash.

John Kidgel was posing one morning, as usual, for "The Field of Waterloo," and treating his hair like French chasseurs, when Harry Hoover burst in with his customary momentum. He filled the office with an air of cool capability. He had come with the picture.

"There's an ad!" he cried, dropping Daisy on Kidgel's desk, a real, live, unparalleled advertisement of Golden Stock Food. Look at it! An actual photograph — you can see what it means. It'll make Golden Stock Food a household — yes, a barnhold word!"

Kidgel looked at the picture. He looked at Harry Hoover. Both seemed to him for some reason good. He was a slow, dubious man, but he knew himself beaten. For him there could be no last ditch. Harry Hoover had expected some enthusiasm over Daisy. He was annoyed. He went on almost reproachfully:

"Why, man, with that picture and, say just the heading of the *Trumpet* story, I could fake up a bunch of package designs and press stuff that would put new life into the farmers. They'd be like kids with a new toy — up and feeding at 4 A.M., to get an earlier look at the box. Why, it —" John Kidgel interrupted, thinking aloud:

"There is not one cent to lose if he can't —" Then, to Harry Hoover: "Look here, young man — I don't even know your name — I suppose you want a good deal for that picture?"

"It's worth a good deal."

"As to that, time will tell. Now — how would you like, in place of a cash consideration, to take our — our assistant managership?"

Harry Hoover felt all at once that he was going to wrinkle disgracefully, but he ironed out his face and lighted a cigarette.

"It seems rather sudden," he said; "er — just what is the proposition?"

Then John Kidgel was frank with Harry Hoover. It was like the confessional. He said he, himself, was a fool. The business must have money and brains. He had neither. Harry, he felt, had the brains; perhaps that gentleman somewhere might even

find money. He had an instinctive confidence in Harry — possibly the latter might save the company. It would do no harm to try, if Harry were willing to risk effort on so doubtful a return. John Kidgel became more downcast as he talked; Harry Hoover grew more enthusiastic every minute.

"We'll make her go, sure," he cried, "sure we will. We've got the goods. All we need is some up-to-date advertising — and some money — and a little luck."

Then Harry Hoover went out and bought himself a drink, and had his shoes polished, and tipped the boy a quarter; after which he went up to the *Trumpet* building and resigned.

"I haven't much to lose myself," was his thought. "I can get my job back if we go on the rocks."

Shortly after this Harry Hoover became busy. He became very busy. The conditions invited effort. When he was not in — dictating letters and editing copy — he was out — consulting engravers and making treaties with creditors. He needed money. He could not do anything in a big, satisfying way, but only in a miserable, irritating, hand-to-mouth manner that he hated. But it was an interesting game — like living beyond one's means.

Jones came in now and then to tell him he was getting thin.

"Not surprised, not surprised a bit, Jonesy. Straining my think for creditor-tamers, doing the literary work that makes breakfast foods famous, or — or chasing out with a reward hunter to greet some newly rescued Daisy, that's no Daisy at all."

Jones was not the only person interested in Golden Stock Food. Miss Letitia Henley was more interested than he was. Harry Hoover made time to drive out rather often to Major Henley's fine old place. He liked the place. Harry talked to Miss Letitia about the weather and other things he found profitable; she talked to him about Golden Stock Food. He did not intend to tell her the mean little details of the fight; they would be more pleasing after victory — if there were a victory. Miss Letitia accepted his attitude as artistically correct — and continued to acquaint herself with the vicissitudes of the business. She was young — had not yet formed opinions on everything for herself — and still relied a little on the old-fashioned prejudices of Major Chalmer Henley. Among these was a suspiciousness of photographers, musicians,

actors, and men in other such illegitimate professions. Among them also was an admiration of nerve. Miss Letitia from the first had suspected Harry Hoover of all the nerve he could ever need. Now she was sure of it. Moreover, he was now a member in good standing of the commercial world. Because of these things — and of others not so easily defined — Miss Letitia continued her interest in Golden Stock Food. She continued it under that system of arithmetical computation known as compound interest. Major Chalmer Henley was also interested in the food factory. He watched its flounderings. Miss Letitia did not know this. She brought him bulletins. That was unnecessary, for he knew more than she knew. He was a "silent" member in a bank which was a heavy creditor of John Kidgel. Major Henley first learned through the cashier of Harry Hoover's operations. The notes were almost due and he had asked if any action would be taken.

"We are holding off," the cashier had replied. "There is a new man in charge — let's see, yes, Hoover is his name — and we like him. The house seems to be holding its own since he came in, and I believe he would win out with a little capital. But our directors will not risk anything more. We are in now pretty deep."

Affairs had reached just this point when Providence caused the successor of Harry Hoover in the *Daily Trumpet* office to break his leg or the pledge, or do something of that sort. He could not work. All this took place just when the *Daily Trumpet* must have pictures from the State fair. Distressing as was this mishap, it held no interest for the story until the art-editor sent a cry for help to Harry Hoover. Certainly, Harry Hoover could spare a day to accommodate the *Daily Trumpet*. He would be delighted to do so. And he was delighted — a brief return to the old life seemed good. He enjoyed working on abnormal pumpkins and fat stock, crowds of people, dead heats and "only living specimens." He took "sittings" from the square and imposing prize animals. He was very busy among this company when he became aware of a steadfast gaze fixed upon himself. The eyes were mild, innocent and inquisitive. Harry Hoover bowed profoundly:

"I beg your pardon. I see I should know you — my memory for faces is atrocious. You'll excuse me for not remembering where we were introduced. You seem familiar somehow — your

blue ribbon — blue ribbon — blue — why, Great Scott! Shorthorn heifer, white left ear, two white fore legs, oval mark on neck — Daisy, is it you? That neck and ear specification can't be duplicated. Daisy — Daisy Clover, you are it!"

The exhibitor of Daisy Clover was a person devoid of sentiment. The pretty story Harry Hoover told brought no responsive heart-throb. If Harry Hoover wanted to take away a prize-winning Shorthorn heifer, he could do so — by paying the price. That was five hundred dollars. No, the exhibitor would not give an option. He had plenty of offers — first money up took the heifer.

"Dear, dear," thought Harry Hoover, "this is dreadful of him. Five hundred dollars — five hundred! Why, the way I save money, I'd have five hundred dollars in just thirty-three years. Daisy would be too old then — Lettie would be — No, now's the time I want that heifer."

In this extreme, Destiny made a suggestion to Harry Hoover:

"What about that five hundred dollars you have belonging to Golden Stock Food?" This was not exactly ethical of Destiny, but suggest it Destiny did. It went on:

"That amount is, of course, nearly all the company has in cash and you need it to pay those printing bills. Never mind. You are a gambler by nature — only you have never had any money before. If you win, you get Lettie — if you get Lettie, you win the old man. Surely you have the nerve — with so great a prize?" Harry Hoover considered the advice.

"I'll do it," he thought; "I certainly will. I'll put our pile on the red — that's Daisy Clover."

So Daisy Clover, teetering about wistfully in a crate and wearing the prize blue ribbon, was laid down at the gate of Major Chalmer Henley. Later, in the way of fair exchange, a very pretty note was laid down by the postman on the desk of Harry Hoover. The note held a sample of gratitude and asked Harry to call personally with a proper receptacle, and get the whole consignment. Harry Hoover did call personally. The story was demanded. He told it, omitting important details. These, to a certain extent, Miss Letitia Henley supplied. The exhibitor of Daisy Clover, it seemed, had made a bill of sale to Harry Hoover and, not exactly understanding the situation, had mailed it to the address given for the

Shorthorn heifer. Miss Letitia had much of Major Henley's keen intuition. So, where could Harry Hoover have got so much money? and how could he have been so foolish? and how and why a great many other things; so that Harry Hoover had a bad half-hour. Miss Letitia "summed up the evidence in a few words":

"Oh, you brave, wicked, foolish fellow! However could you do it? I'm going right and tell papa."

"Great Scott! that is, Miss Letitia, for Heaven's sake, don't say a word — not a word!" Harry was aghast. "If the Major knew all this he'd send me an ice-box. Why — reckless adventurer — dishonest — criminal; the dictionary would break down under the strain."

Miss Letitia laughed, and blushed. "I know my dad," she said.

Harry Hoover went away from Major Henley's and sat in the Sub-basement of Gloom. This is the city man's improvement on old Christian's Slough of Despond. It is more sanitary, it is gloomier, and it has the advantage, through the elevator, of being more easily accessible. Harry felt like moving his furniture down. He could see he was ruined. Miss Letitia had not been shocked — punctilious Major Henley would be more than shocked. Tolerate such a person in his upright family he would not. The Golden Stock Food Company was ruined. Harry Hoover's desk was covered with bills — even *he* felt the printers would not wait longer. John Kidgel must be told. Then — Ruin was certainly the whole twenty-eight chapters of Harry Hoover's book.

Next day he was no better. He was worse. At the exact moment when he had decided to tell Kidgel immediately, in came Major Chalmer Henley. Harry tried to look calm, and glad to see Major Henley, but he was not calm and glad.

"Young man," began the major, "I have been watching this business for a long time because of the bank, and I had been very favorably impressed by your efforts until Lettie told me of this heifer deal —" Harry interrupted:

"I had a lot of provocation. Major, if Miss Henley loses anything else of hers, I'll do it again. I certainly will." Harry Hoover dreaded Major Henley's next sentence, yet he hated his deliberateness. Reading the major's face, he thought, was like saying offhand, "How old is Ann?"

"We will, if you please, suspend consideration of the Daisy case. That can wait." Major Henley almost smiled. "Business brought me to-day. I have a proposition regarding the Golden Stock Food Company. I want to take a third mortgage on the building, fixtures and stock — no, no, don't thank me — I act entirely from selfish motives. The work you have done here makes me confident you can carry the business to success. I will furnish the money to put you on your feet — I think it a first-class investment. Now, my boy, if Kidgel and you decide to accept this proposition, come to my attorney's at four o'clock and we will draw up the papers."

Decide to accept? Harry Hoover took the elevator from the Sub-basement of Gloom and went up where he could view the Housetops of Delight. He felt he could lease a suite on the thirteenth floor. Then came the postman with three letters. Harry opened first two business envelopes. One letter read:

KANSAS CITY, October 20.

GOLDEN STOCK FOOD CO.

Gentlemen:—We are receiving numerous requests for your product. We have jobbed the Golden Food for years, believing it to be an A 1 article, but it never was a good seller. The new packages and advertising matter seem to be making a hit and producing a brisk demand through the country dealers. Send us at earliest possible date ten times our usual order.

Sincerely,

KECKLER & SMITH.

The second letter was of similar import. Then Harry Hoover opened a scented, modish note. It ran:

Dear Mr. Hoover: — You do not know my father as I do. I told you that. He laughed. Nerve, Mr. Hoover, is a hobby of my dear papa. Perhaps you think you understand some other members of the family better than you did papa. Do come out to dinner this evening and see Daisy. She is fine.

Sincerely,

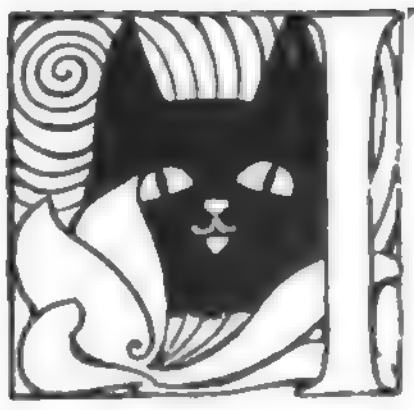
LETITIA HENLEY.

Harry Hoover folded the note tenderly. The thirteenth floor of the Skyscraper of Joy was too dingy and dull now. He was up with his tan shoes on the ball of the Flagstaff of Ecstasy.



The Adventures of Lias.*

BY ADELINE KNAPP.



IT was an old-time house, of Roman cement, heavy-timbered, tile-roofed, standing close beside the city wall. Some Spanish grandee had builded it a century before. It had withstood typhoon and tornado, earthquake and warfare, had seen Spain's power wane, and a new people come to rule in old Manila. Twenty years before Lias's adventures began the great mahogany roof-beams were overhauled, several of the old ones were strengthened, and two new ones put in, and a new house-snake was established in the attic, to look after the rats.

The attic had not been opened since that day. For twenty years Lias had lived alone in his glory; there were always rats. It was all that one python could do, without working overtime and in siesta hours, to keep them decently in check. Now and then a pigeon from the square, seeking a nesting-place, came in, far up the ridge, where a tile was missing, but no pigeon ever went out. The frequent rains brought fresh water along the slat-enclosed tile gutters. Lias's needs were few; his principles, like the old stoic's, were brief and fundamental. He had contentment, with ease and exercise, and he grew big and muscular.

But there came a day full of low rumblings and underground mutterings, of heat so intense that Lias lay and panted beneath the thick, cool roof of his attic. Then, in a moment, the whole earth seemed to rock, and the air was full of strange sounds, the rending of walls, the breaking of tiles, the clatter and clash of bricks and stones as buildings shook and chimneys and loose cornices went smashing down into the streets.

Lias's attic shook with the others. There was a cracking sound above him, followed by the rattle of broken tiling, and, in one

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corner, a sudden blinding glare of something which Lias had not seen in twenty years — direct sunlight. He could not bear it, but hid his head among his own great coils and lay motionless for long, long after the commotion subsided.

The earthquake was severe, lasting for nearly half a minute, but it did comparatively little harm after all. When evening came Lias recovered from his fright and began his hunting. Dashing across the floor after a fleeing rat, he found himself close beside an opening where he remembered none. Out beyond it was something which dimly stirred him to recollection of another life than this in the attic. A mighty ylang-ylang tree grew near the house. It was in full bloom, and its wonderful fragrance filled the air. It was all aglow when Lias looked out at it, for thousands of fireflies, like little electric lamps, were flitting about its blossoms.

As the python's eyes grew wonted to the strange light, he saw something hanging from a branch which stretched out toward the house. The object was very near the new opening, and he regarded it for an instant; then his head shot forward; there was a quick, fierce dart, a little squeak of fright and pain, and Lias drew back to swallow the bat he had caught.

It was good eating, and there was more of the same sort to be had; he could see numberless bats flying about, or hanging from the branches. Here was something worth while, and presently Lias's seventeen and a half feet of length glided noiselessly out over the roof-gutter into the tree.

How good it must have felt to coil and twist through that fragrant arbor, after twenty years of attic beams and ceiling boards! The big snake climbed and writhed from limb to limb, frightening birds and bats into flight, for hour after hour. At last, weary and well fed, he hitched himself back toward his retreat, to find it cut off. In coming out his weight must have disturbed the balance of a loosened tile, jarring it down into the opening which had afforded him exit, and Lias was barred from his attic.

Back he crawled to the other side of the tree and out upon a great branch which extended over the narrow drive-way and leaned against the city wall. The rank, lush growth of centuries covered the broad top of the wall and the python glided out across it,

He wound in and out among the mortars and old cannons which had once guarded the river's mouth, and dropping down the vine-covered façade of the inner gate, trailed his length out upon the causeway. A native constable was pacing back and forth in the shadow of the outer gate, and the python, timid in his new surroundings, slipped over the low stone wall into the hemp and banana trees which choked the moat. A stray carabao, wallowing deliciously in the mud, plunged away with a great snort as the snake came alongside, but the constable, peering forth to see the cause of his alarm could not make it out. The scent of the river was in Lias's nostrils now, and he was making for the right bank of the Pasig.

Out he dragged through the dust of the Paseo de Maghellanes, past the monument to the discoverer of the Archipelago. Great ships were made fast along the docks and people were already stirring on board the cascos, lorchas, and other native craft which fairly bridge the river just here. Lias was frightened again, so he turned aside and crawled back into the street, turning to the left, toward the Bridge of Spain. A platoon of municipal police was coming across to headquarters, from duty in Binondo, and to avoid it Lias swept over the wall to the up-river side of the bridge. Here he let himself down to a wide brace between two of the huge piers which support the bridge, and coiled up there, just above the stone water-stair, where the little boats from the provinces tie up to wait for cargoes.

The Bridge of Spain is one of the busiest spots on the round earth, During the hours of daylight, and far into the night, there is always a throng there. At eleven o'clock on the morning when Lias lay between the two big pillars, Homer Lansing stood just over the python's head, watching the passing crowd.

The teacher did not often get in as far as the bridge. His school was at Santa Ana, an outlying suburb far up the river, a hotbed of rebellion and lawlessness. He was the more interested, therefore, to note the ever-changing scene, as Hindus and Ceylonese, Chinamen and Japs, Turks, Russians, Germans, from the foreign ships in harbor, American officers, naval and military, private soldiers and sailors, swarmed back and forth over the thoroughfare. Everywhere in the concourse were natives, in

carriages and on foot; huge carabaos lumbered by, rubbing sides in the crowd with little native ponies and slick, long-eared army mules. It was for the most part a masculine throng, but there were women, as well, native and American, in their little pony carriages, driving down to the shopping quarter.

As Homer leaned against the rail he overheard a bit of conversation between two civil service men, caught in a temporary blockade.

"Yes,—"one was saying. "They suspect that a big lot of opium was smuggled in somewhere up the coast, by Illocos Norte. They have an idea it was got down here by trail and there will be attempts to send it to San Francisco."

"Are they on the trail of the fellows?"

"No; not yet. There are two or three big señores under suspicion, but the Chief doesn't dare move until he's sure—" The blockade was broken and the two passed on. Homer heard no more, and the passing phrase or two would not have remained in his mind but for what happened five minutes later. Picking his way across the road, through a tangle of vehicles and foot-passengers, he presently saw a slim, white-clad Filipino gentleman coming toward him under a white umbrella lined with green.

"Good day, Señor Lanseeng," the newcomer said, in careful English, learned at a boys' boarding school in Hong Kong, and spoken proudly now.

"Good morning," Homer answered, briefly. He did not admire Señor Felipe, though the latter was the richest and most cultured native in the barrio where Lansing lived and taught.

The señor removed his broad-brimmed hat of finely woven bamboo, and fanned himself with it while he held his umbrella over Lansing's head.

"It is hot; is it not, señor?" he asked, affably.

"Permit me the honor," and he held the green-lined shade still lower, shutting out not only the glaring sunlight, but the gaze of chance passers.

"It is pleasure to meet the señor thus," he continued, "for though we are neighbors yet do we not often speak together."

Homer did not reply and the Filipino went on.

"The Americanos do wonderful things, Señor Professor. Observe,

now, the order on this bridge, where of old was ever the embarrassment — the — how do you say — preserve? of vehicle and people — "

"A jam, you mean," Homer said.

"Truly, a jam of vehicle and people. A wonderful language, Americano! I love it, as I love also all Americanos!"

"Yet you fought us," said Lansing, bluntly.

Señor Felipe smiled suavely.

"It is too true. I was a general in Aguinaldo's army; but I knew not, then, the goodness of the Americanos. The magnificent force of noble teachers had not then arrived. When they appear I am no longer foe, but amigo. I no longer oppose so noble a people; they teach the Filipinos and I take them to my heart."

He tapped his white-clad breast, swelling with the ardor of his generous emotion; then he laid his fingers lightly on Homer's arm, and lowered his voice.

"I love the Americano teachers," he said, insinuatingly, "but tell me, Señor Professor, why do so many work so hard at extra tasks, teaching, for instance, all the day, and again at evening-time?"

"I suppose some do it because they like to;" the American said, shortly. The señor's manner was distasteful to him. "And I suppose," he added, "that all of them need the money. Living isn't easy, in Manila."

Señor Felipe sighed.

"That is true," he murmured, pressing the teacher's arm more firmly. "I have feared that the brave teachers must often suffer inconvenience. Therefore it is that I rejoice to think I may, perhaps, increase the earnings of such teachers as might care — " he hesitated, looking sidelong at Homer to note the effect of his words. The latter did not speak.

"I could put each of all by way of making an addition to teaching salary," the Filipino went on.

"Money's a good thing to have," Lansing said, at last.

There was silence again, until the señor spoke.

"As I understand it," he said, slowly, the Americano teachers may send by mail, duty free, their packages to America?"

"Yes; we have the franking privilege; what of it?"

The señor looked crafty.

"Little," he replied, "save that it is a great privilege which a kind government grants. I suppose those packages are never opened by the authorities."

"That's right," the teacher said, "they go right through."

He looked enquiringly at his companion and the Filipino spoke so low that Lansing bent his head to hear.

"It would pay well any teacher with that privilege," the dry little voice said, slowly, "to send some small merchandise matters for a friend of mine."

"Oh! would it?" Lansing was wide awake, now, and to the señor's ear his voice sounded eager. The Filipino slid a thumb and finger into his black sash and withdrew them, holding an American gold piece, ten dollars.

"That might be his each mail time," he said, "just for sending five or seven — a mere nothing of number — small parcels to San Francisco, to different addresses — always different addresses — and no danger."

Homer's eyes grew narrow. Comprehension was dawning upon him.

"Where would the parcels come from?" he asked, "and what would be in them?"

"A friend of mine sends them," was the reply, "but that is matter of indifference, and they contain — now one thing, now another, mere trifles of nothing —" He waved his free hand in the air — "nothing but trifles," he repeated. Homer hazarded his guess.

"But opium is a big risk," he said, "Of course your stuff *is* opium. It's contraband, and the penalty is high. It's against the law. No American teacher would do it for you."

For reply Señor Felipe's slim fingers again sought his sash and this time two gold pieces gleamed. Homer's wrath flashed.

"You little scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "I've a notion to march you down to the commissioners this minute. Do you suppose the American teachers are like yourself? You've made a mighty big mistake, sir!"

The señor's face worked with rage, but he held himself in check.

"The señor professor is pleased to misunderstand," he said, with proud dignity. "Why he should say opium I know not — nor

understand his unseemly anger. I but desire to put gain in his way, for purposes of kindness, and he heaps insult upon me. I retire," and he passed on.

"Now I was a fool," Homer reflected, as he watched the white umbrella go bobbing along through the crowd. "If I hadn't gone off half-cocked like that I could have found out his game and blocked it. Well, I can give headquarters a tip, anyway, and I guess I'd better."

It was Saturday, however, and when Lansing sought the proper officials at the provost marshal's office, he found the place closed until Monday, so he postponed the matter and went his way on other errands.

All through the hot, busy day Lias hugged his shelter beneath the bridge, but under the friendly screen of the dusk that came at last, he glided down over the rough water-stair to the river which had called him through the glaring hours. How good the soft water felt, against his sore, scratched sides. He lashed about in it delightedly, and then swam up-stream, keeping in-shore to avoid passing boats, and diving now and then as he heard voices on the bank.

Above the Ayala bridges he suddenly ran in among a group of bathing children. One of them cried out as he felt that cold, sinuous body brushing against his leg, and there was a shrieking rush for shore when two or three of the older ones caught sight of the great snake. Not one of the group, however, was as scared as Lias, who hurried on as fast as he could.

The river banks were dark and deserted now, for the stream flowed past the gardens of great houses, and through paddy fields and vegetable patches. Lias left the water and crawled along the banks through the soft green growths until, beyond Paco district, a yellow iguana tried to dispute his way, and he struck into the brush.

His progress was neither swift nor easy and night was well forward when Lias reached Santa Ana. It was quiet and country-like here, and he ventured down to the river again, but some native laborers were giving their carabaos a swim and he crawled away from their clamor and splashing. The world seemed to him a terrible place and he longed with homesickness for his dim, quiet

attic, with its population of scampering rats that he knew how to deal with.

He crept through an open gateway into the neglected garden of the old seminario, beyond the church. The school was held in the old house and in one or two upper rooms the teacher lived. It was dark and still in the garden and Lias felt almost at peace with life as he drew his length across the soft leaf-mold.

When he reached the foot of a great algeroba tree his sense of well-being was complete. He swung up among its branches and disposed his coils about an outreaching limb. He had no sense of hunger, for he had feasted upon bats the night before; so he settled himself to rest. So quiet were his motions that the American teacher, writing letters home at a table just inside the window, scarcely three feet away, had no notion of his presence. The python was sound asleep when, an hour later, Homer drew his night-shutter and went to bed.

It was after midnight when Lias was again disturbed. This time it was by something at the foot of the algeroba tree; something of the sort that had so often alarmed him that day. The python was weary of men, and when this one thrust something long and light upward until it struck the branch where he was coiled, Lias softly glided away, downward, from branch to branch, until he reached the ground. He was tired and sore, and had slept just long enough to feel chilled and stiff, so he half-coiled, loosely, at the foot of the tree, until he should determine whether the new presence meant danger to him.

Apparently it did not; the man was bent upon other business. He carried a light bamboo ladder which he now cautiously worked out from among the algeroba branches until it rested against the outer casement of the school-teacher's window. When it was securely in place he began to ascend.

Snakes are cautious creatures, and commonly examine ground before they settle themselves to rest on it. Twenty years of security, however, had blunted Lias's instincts, else he had never stretched himself over an ant's nest. The little fiends rushed out to attack the monstrous intruder, and in about a minute the python was experiencing full measure of whatever misery he may have missed in captivity. The ants stung him along his tender

under parts; they found the sore, abraded places on his skin; they swarmed in his eyes and nostrils, a fiery torture, and he lashed out blindly in his efforts to get away from it.

Rolling over in the grass to escape his tormentors, he struck the ladder and swarmed madly upwards about it. The man at the top was just pushing back the shutter when the head of Lias touched his bare feet. He gave a startled cry, checked, only to be followed by a wild yell of dismay as the python's head and a yard or two of frantic, swaying body rose beside him in the starlight.

Inside the room a light showed suddenly; then the shutter was dashed back, and Lansing, revolver in hand, leaned out, shouting to know the cause of the disturbance. The light behind gave him a glimpse of Señor Felipe's scared, ashen face; the gleam of a knife, and something black and sinuous writhing upwards through the darkness. Then the ladder and its occupants went crashing to the ground.

There was a mighty scuffling. Lias had got a tail-grip on the ladder, and was coiling about the señor's body. Another instant and the man's life would be crushed out, but there came a report and a flash from the window above, and the snake dropped, helpless and inert. Lansing, aiming at the whole scrambling mass below, quite unpremeditatedly had broken the python's back.

The shot brought a quick crowd; soldiers from the quarters hard by, one or two municipal police, and, as if they had started from the ground, any number of vociferating, gesticulating natives, eager to see and to hear. They were frightened out of all comprehension when they recognized in the would-be midnight assassin, the richest man in the barrio.

In the excitement the python was left to the natives, who cooked and ate him before the dawn—python steaks are a rare dainty in the archipelago. As for Señor Felipe, he fell into the hands of justice, and ere the Civil Commission had done with him he may more than once have wondered whether the fate of Lias was, after all, worse than his.



The Farm that Forgot.*

BY DON MARK LEMON.



PERKINS, senior, gave his suspender a hitch and stood off and looked at the barn, and his four strapping sons and the hired man joined him.

"Well, boys, it's finished at last, and it might be a bit bigger and a bit more ornamental, but, as it is, I'm satisfied, and I hope you all are."

Perkins' four sons stolidly spat upon the ground, and continued to meditate on the new barn. It seemed they had no fault to find with the building.

"It's plenty good enough for an op'ra house," affirmed the hired man, sidling forward. "A coat o' green paint now, or a kind o' slate, if it takes you that way — "

"We'll paint it when the hay's in," said Perkins, senior. "Yes, sir, we'll paint it when the hay's in."

The hired man spat copiously. "An' th' hay, ye'll begin harvestin' to-morrow?"

Perkins, senior, gazed off at the three hundred acres of grain waving in the warm June sun, and shifted his quid thoughtfully. "Well, boys, what do you all say to begin harvestin' to-morrow?"

"Jest as you say, dad; jest as you say."

Perkins, senior, took off his hat and mopped his head with a large Martha Washington. "We'll begin harvestin' in the mornin'," he said.

It was so settled, and, understanding by tacit agreement that he should remain with the Perkinses at least until the harvesting was over, the hired man left the group and went into the little two-room dwelling house, which stood about two hundred feet from the new barn, and began to prepare the evening meal.

A month before he had dropped in at the Perkins place, and

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had been hired for five dollars a week and found, to turn his hand to anything about the farm that he was put at, and the next day, after getting the morning meal, he had been called out to help on the barn that was then in the first stage of erection.

The barn was now finished — the door having been set upon its rollers that very afternoon — and harvesting coming on, he had been retained to help in the field. He filled the coffee-pot, fried some bacon, warmed over a batch of biscuits, and then called the men in to supper.

As yet, life on the Perkins homestead was primitive. The dwelling house consisted of two rooms, unfurnished, save for a home-made table and several rudely improvised chairs, and the farm could boast of no other stock than the work horses, which were stabled in a rude shack that stood close to the new barn, and there were no trees, vines, or vegetables anywhere on the place. Perkins, senior, and his sons had bought the property scarcely two months before — three hundred odd acres sowed to grain — and as yet they had not got their farm legs. But, all in due time, they would set out fruit trees, plant vegetables, raise chickens, and put everything in apple-pie order.

"Beats all hollow what a difference a good barn makes on a farm," remarked Perkins, senior, gazing through the open door at the new barn.

"You're right there, dad," agreed his son Ike. "An' I reck'n that barn's as good as any in twenty miles hereabout. What do you say, Si?"

The hired man put down his coffee dipper and wiped his stubbly chin. "That barn," he said, "is the best in forty miles here around."

"Well, you ought to know," nodded Ike. "You were raised in these parts, but dad and we boys haven't had time to look around since we bought the place."

"Time enough for that when the hay's in," advised Perkins, senior.

"That's it!" agreed the hired man, warmly. "When the harvestin' 's over you-all can look around a bit and see what a fine country this here is."

Supper through, Perkins, senior, and his four sons went out to

install the horses in the new barn and have another good look at the building, and Si, the hired man, joined them after he had washed the scanty kitchen utensils.

It was June — a warm, dryish June — and the twilight lingered long in the heavens, as if it, too, took an interest in the new barn, and the men did not get to bed until what to them, accustomed as they had been to retiring early after a hard day's work, was a rather late hour. Before they turned in, Perkins, senior, brought out a large jug of applejack, saved for the occasion, and he and his sons joined in numerous toasts to good luck to the farm, and good luck in particular to the new barn. Si, the hired man, refused to touch the applejack, notwithstanding he was assured that it was a purely temperance drink.

"No," he said, heroically waving the delicious beverage aside; "I used to be a hard drinker, and the very sight of a jug is enough to put me back a step on the downward road to perdition."

With one last, lingering, satisfied look at the new barn the sleepy men retired to their respective beds upon the floor, leaving the door open, as the season was very warm, and soon night spread her mantle over the scene and hushed all sounds, it seemed, save the heavy snoring of the sleepers.

Si, the hired man, was the first to awaken on the following morning. He yawned, rubbed his eyes, rolled about a bit in his blanket, wishing he had had more sleep. Then, from a sitting posture he got to his feet. His getting up, awoke Perkins, senior, and his son Ike, and they, too, proceeded to roll out of their blankets.

Si had drawn on his socks and one boot, and was in the act of drawing on his other boot, when Perkins, senior, and his son Ike saw a change come over his face so astonishing that it brought them to their feet, and awoke the others from their dreams.

The hired man was staring through the open door, and the expression on his homely face was one of more than utter amazement — his features bespoke actual horror.

The eyes of Perkins, senior, followed those of his farm-hand, and in another instant he gave a shout and rushed to the open door and stared out. He was clothed in only his shirt, yet that did not deter him from stepping through the doorway into the open. At his back crowded his four sons and the hired man, and

all looked in the direction where the barn had stood the evening before. *The barn was gone!*

A full minute and no word escaped the lips of the spellbound men; then Perkins, senior, turned upon his son Ike and shouted, "Where's the barn?"

Ike passed the question on to his brother Tim, Tim passed it on to Hiram, Hiram to Joe, and Joe demanded of the hired man, "Where's the barn?"

The hired man began to shake as with the ague. "It's gone," he gasped.

"It's blown away!" shouted Perkins, senior.

"There wasn't any wind — how could it?"

"Look a'there!" The hired man pointed at a great pile of lumber to the immediate right of where the barn had stood the evening before. The others had not noticed this, so great was their amazement at the mysterious disappearance of the barn; but now they rushed forward to where the lumber was stacked.

"By the great horn-spoon devil," shouted Perkins, senior, "some infernal rascal has taken the barn down and stacked the lumber!" His hand leapt to where his hip pocket would have been had he had on his overalls, but as those useful articles did not adorn his person, his hand slid impotently off his shirt tail.

Si, the hired man, gazing at the lumber, whispered in a tense tone: "Look a'here; this bean't the same lumber! It's new lumber! There's never a nail been driven in a plank of it!"

Perkins, senior, and his four sons gathered closer about the lumber and examined it. True to their hired man's assertion, the planking and beams were just as unloaded from the mill; not the sign of a nail-hole could be found in a stick of the mysterious stuff, nor had it ever been touched by a carpenter's saw. It was the rough lumber, as yet unfitted to its place in a building.

The men gazed at the lumber, then off at the grain waving in the warm June sunshine, and then at the familiar-looking little two-room dwelling house and the shack to the right, through the broad cracks of which they could see their horses regarding them hungrily. Then they stared at one another.

"It's a dream!" gasped Perkins, senior.

"No, it ain't no dream," said Si, the hired man. "But I'll tell you what was a dream."

"What?"

"We dreamt that we built that there new barn. This here is the lumber you got to build it with, but we never built it."

Perkins, senior, looked at his son Ike, and noticing for the first time that that strapping young fellow had nothing upon his person but a short undershirt, commanded: "Go get your clothes on and don't be a fool!"

"Get your own clothes on," retorted Ike.

"I've got 'em on, you whipsnap!" thundered the irate senior. Then he discovered that he had nothing on but his shirt.

Perkins, senior, stuck out his thumb, on the end of which was a large blood blister, and demanded: "If we never built that barn, where'd I mash my thumb?"

The hired man stared at the blood blister, then shook his head stubbornly, saying: "If we built that there barn, where's the barn?"

This question proved to be a poser, the very jumping-off place of their knowledge, and his four sons looked at Perkins, senior, and echoed, "Yes, dad, where's the barn?"

Perkins, senior, gazed overhead, as if he half expected the barn to come flying back to earth on the magic carpet of Bagdad; then he gazed at the place where the barn should have stood, then at the pile of lumber without a nail-hole in so much as one stick of it. Then he made answer:

"Either we all are dum mad, or else this consarned farm has gone crazy and forgot it ever had a barn on it."

The men went to the shack and led forth the horses; nothing was the matter with them. They hurried into the lower end of the shack and examined the big harvester; it was just as they had left it the evening before. They returned to where the barn had stood — or where it seemed to have stood — and examined the ground. There were the holes that had been dug for the foundation beams, but that was all.

Again they looked off at the grain waving in the warm June sun; not a stalk of it seemed changed. And the little dwelling house stood just as it had the evening before. And the little creek

ran down across the farm, as it had the evening before, and the same familiar sky was overhead.

Had the farm actually forgot that there was ever a barn on it, as Perkins, senior, strangely asserted — or had something more amazing occurred during the night?

All day the men wandered about the place, seeking for the lost barn, or some explanation of its mysterious disappearance. In vain. The ground where the building had stood was too solid to have permitted the timbers to have sunk into the earth, and by what means could they have been lifted into the air and been borne from sight? By the agency of a cyclone? Impossible! A cyclone would have left some track of its progress, and no such track was anywhere to be found. And then — strangest of all — there was that pile of lumber without a nail-hole in so much as a stick of it — untouched by a carpenter's saw.

That evening, at the supper table, Si, the hired man, arose and said: "Here we are — six hearty men, what believe we've had practice at such a thing, and there's the lumber out there all ready for hammer an' saw. Now I want to take a vote an' see if we ain't a-going to build that there barn again and build it to stay built."

Perkins, senior, brought his fist down with a bang that made the coffee jump out of the pot. "An' by the great horn-spoon devil, when it's built a second time, I'm goin' to watch it with a shotgun!"

The next morning they began to build a second barn where the first had stood — or where they believed it to have stood — and work progressed rapidly, as all the materials were conveniently at hand. Si, the hired man, worked at the building, lovingly, faithfully; Perkins, senior, and his four sons, faithfully, if not lovingly; and at the end of thirty days the barn was finished and its doors hung. This second barn was a duplicate of the first.

That night the men took turns watching the building with a shotgun, loaded to the muzzle with buckshot; but nothing unusual occurred. Elated, they began the next day to harvest the grain, always keeping a watchful eye on the barn. The year had been rather dry and, fearing the crop would not ripen well, they had decided to make it to hay. After the harvested grain had dried on the ground for a couple of days, they gathered the greater part

of it into the barn, until the large building was filled almost to bursting with the strawy stuff.

At supper, Perkins, senior, said: "I'm thinkin' o' goin' into town to-morrow, an' gettin' a lot o' hens, an' some pigs, an' a cow or two. I ain't ever been to town since I bought this farm, an' I'm runnin' short on tobacco, too. One of you boys can come along, but you other three and Si had better stay and watch the barn."

"I'm a-thinkin' o' gettin' work up in the mountains," spoke up the hired man. "I'm most like to get the hay fever down here in August. I was thinkin' o' pullin' out in the mornin'."

"Well, Si, we'll miss you right smart," said Perkins, senior. "You've come in as handy here as a stub-handle ax."

"An' I'll miss you all," answered Si. "I don't reck'lect that I ever worked for a family what has been kinder to me than you and the boys. I'll always remember you."

Si went out and brought in a pail of water from the spring and, setting it down on the table with a flourish, remarked: "Mighty warm to-night! A man could drink a barrel o' water, 'specially after eatin' bacon for supper."

And so it seemed, for Perkins, senior, and his sons emptied the pail in a trice. Then they turned in and soon all were sound asleep, save Si, who tossed uneasily in his corner.

The next morning, Perkins, senior, was the first to turn out, and as soon as he had dressed himself he stepped out-of-doors as usual to see whether the barn was still standing. It was, and he was about to go down to the creek to draw a pail of water when something all but lifted him from his boots. Immediately he began to shout loudly, and soon his sons were aroused and came running to his side, demanding what was wrong. However, once without the door, they needed only their own eyes to inform them. Instead of a great stubble field of three hundred acres, as it had been the evening before, the land about the farmhouse was a waving field of grain, with the July sun shining upon it.

Perkins, senior, and his four sons whitened visibly beneath their tan, and Si, the hired man, who stood a little behind, shook like a man with the Arkansas ague.

"Quick! To the barn!" shouted Perkins, senior, breaking away. Reaching the barn, he threw wide open the doors; then

fell back as before an apparition. The barn, but the evening before stuffed with hay to bursting, was empty!

"God a-mighty! the hay has got out o' the barn an' stuck itself on to the stubble!"

"It's another crop, dad," cried Ike, struggling with the mystery as breathlessly as with a corporeal foe. "It's another crop grow'd up in a night!"

"But the barn's empty!"

Shaking as with fear, Si, the hired man, approached. "We never harvested that hay," he whispered, hoarsely. "We only dreamed it."

Perkins, senior, struck the ground with his boot, then knelt down and felt it with his hand. "Is this land? tell me, one o' you; or is it a crazy hole in nature, and when you build a barn it vanishes in a night, and when you harvest the hay it goes and sticks itself back on the stubble?"

"It's our farm," said Hiram, in an awed tone. "There's the house; and there's the shed; and over there's the creek; and there's the tree I cut down; and here's the barn; and look a'there, God a-mighty! there's the oil-can that I threw away when we first came here. It's got your name on the side, dad."

He picked up the can, and on the paper label could plainly be distinguished the penciled name "I. Perkins."

"It's the devil's own farm!" spoke up Si, the hired man; "that's what it is! Where time turns back ev'ry once in a while, an' what you do one month is undid the next. What's the use o' living on such a place? If you plant trees, when they're old enough to bear they'll take a streak and grow into th' ground; and when th' chickens are big enough to eat, you'll see them turnin' into yeller peepers an' creepin' back into their shells."

No sooner had the men retired to the farmhouse than Si got out his stick and began assembling his few possessions, which consisted chiefly of home-grown tobacco.

"Where be you goin', Si?" demanded Perkins, senior.

"I'm a-goin' to hit th' hill; that's where I'm goin'. You don't catch me workin' on a farm any longer what won't stay farmed."

"I don't blame you a bit," said Perkins, senior, "and if I warn't tied up with the property, I'd clear out myself, with the

boys. Wait a bit, and we'll hitch up and drive you into town."

Breakfast over, the six men drove away in the farm-wagon towards the little village of Lockwood, eighteen miles to the north, and there Si, the hired man, after a solemn exchange of a chew apiece of store tobacco, took his leave of the Perkinses.

That evening when Perkins, senior, and his four sons returned to the farm, they returned as temporary owners merely. During the day they had paid the village real estate agent a visit and exchanged "the farm that forgot" for a farm twenty miles farther to the north. A week later the Perkinses, bag and baggage, left the mysterious farm for good and went to live upon their new place which, when farmed, stayed "farmed."

The following December, Perkins, senior, received the following remarkable epistle bearing the Lockwood postmark:

i purkens esq & suns

deer sirs & frends

i got to tell U awl sumthing or dye laffin i wood have ritten U awl before but i wanted to get out of this country first for feer U ol fools wood raze a rumpus yure farm up here was awl right it was a jim dandy farm i know it was kause i got the *twin* farm to it an i just sold it for 3 thousand dolars spot gold it is about 5 miles dew west of yure ol place an it is so like it in ever way that the tacks colector thinks both farms ar the same one an i never had to pay any tackes on mine its got a 2 rume house on it an a streem of watter runin thrugh it an the same kind of trees an hils an everthing else round it so it is just like yure ol farm as one twin gal is like anuther well when U fokes bought yure farm and started to build a barn i cum down an hired miself to U awl an when the barn was thrugh that night i got U awl doped by drinkin opum out of the aple jack an that night i put U awl in a waggon with yure chairs an tabble an packed U awl over to my place an when U awl woke up in the morning an thought U awl were at home on yure place i almost died laffin to see U awl starin at where U awl thought the barn aught to be then i got U awl to bild a fine an jim dandy barn on my place out of the lumber i had awl reddy piled up an after that cut my crop of wheet which i hadent munney enough to hired cut then when it waz awl cut an in the barn i doped U awl agen in watter an took U awl back to yure own farm an of korse yure wheet hadent bin cut yet an U awl thought it had got out of the barn an grew up agen an i hurt my ribs to this day a laffin up my sleve U got a good hart but ar a dum ol fool yure suns ar dito i never had a barn bilt so chepe before an if yure suns ever have twins U beter tie a diferent cullured ribon round them so one of them wont get the other fellers pye as i got yure wurk i am going to nue york an i wont see U awl agen but i wish i kood see U awl when U awl see this

yure frien

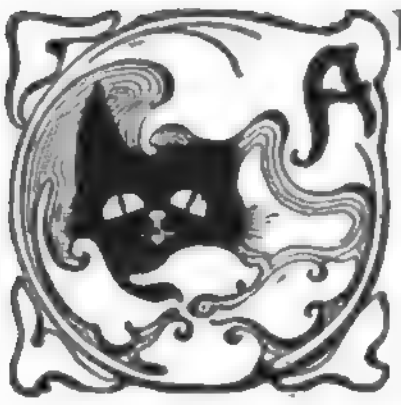
si the hired man

When Perkins, senior, and his four sons had puzzled out the above document and then realized how they had been duped by a trick of nature, abetted by a shrewd fellow-farmer, they felt like — well, like going out and kicking a hired man.



A Modern Martyr.*

BY SUSAN AVERY MATHER.



FTER Philip Raymond, M. D., was graduated from the Medical School as a Physician and Surgeon, it took him but a few weeks to locate in a small suburb beyond Yonkers. A cottage with a neat little office, a cozy den, comfortable bedrooms and dining-room and kitchen constituted his bachelor apartments. The house was just off the main business street of the village, and his swinging sign, brave in gold and black, could easily be seen by those who were passing along the thoroughfare. When he had spent all he dared of the small amount his education had left of his patrimony upon the furnishing of this little home, and had installed a capable Irish housekeeper, he felt at leisure to sit on the tiny porch with his book, behind the screen of the rambler rose, and watch for the messenger to ring the bell, ready to slip into the office and gravely receive the message himself if it were during office hours, or, if it were not, to listen while Bridget took the order and answered, "Oi'll tell the docthor whin he comes in." If the book sometimes slipped to the floor and the possible patient was forgotten in the vision of a certain dainty figure with laughing eyes, who should one day be near him when the bachelor quarters should swell to larger proportions — well, that is another story. Certainly, the office bell did not often disturb his day-dreams.

The monotony of this life could not always last — it had to end one way or another. One day a group of laborers upon the trolley line which was to link the little suburb with what was destined to be the great chain of Greater New York had reached a point within the doctor's range of vision, when a sudden commotion among them aroused him at his station on the porch. Then he

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* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $150 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending October 12, 1904.

saw that a man had fallen, and, as one pointed to the doctor's sign, several others lifted him and brought him toward the house. Doctor Raymond received them with his most dignified manner, heard their report that the foreman of the gang — for it was he who had fallen — had eaten no lunch and seemed to be in pain; that after they had returned to work he had suddenly clapped his hand to his right side and dropped to the ground; that he lived by himself, and had no relatives, so far as they knew.

While the doctor listened he was hurriedly using restoratives and thoroughly examining his patient. He was soon convinced that an acute attack of appendicitis had caused the loss of consciousness, and that an operation should be performed at once.

This disease had been causing a great stir in medical circles while Philip was pursuing his course in medicine, and he had made a special study of cases and their treatment. His elation at having an opportunity to use his knowledge and skill was somewhat tempered by the severity of his patient's attack and the fact that he had neither trained assistants nor the conveniences of a hospital. However, it was impossible to evade a plain duty, and as there was no other physician nor any sort of a nurse to be had in less than two hours' time, he quickly improvised an operating table and gave such instructions to Bridget and two of the most intelligent-looking of the men as would enable them to help in the task.

The delicate operation was performed with complete success and the patient put to bed in the doctor's own apartment, for he dared not risk a removal. It was one of those cases where the appendix showed no sign of obstruction; indeed, there was an unusually healthy condition, which promised a safe and speedy recovery, especially as the patient was a strong man not over thirty years of age.

"He will need very little attention to-night," said the doctor, "and to-morrow morning I will procure a nurse. If he has friends who wish other medical attendance for him, they are at perfect liberty to send any one they choose." "Faith, an' himsilf is all the frinds and rilatives he has," said one, "but it's mesilf will take wurrd to the Boss."

The patient recovered consciousness quite suddenly, just as the

doctor was beginning to feel uneasy at the prolonged state of coma which did not show any signs of yielding to his efforts.

"Wal, I've sure got a fine berth this time," suddenly greeted the doctor's ears. He turned quickly to the bed in time to see his man preparing to rise. "No! no!" expostulated Doctor Raymond. "Wait a moment and I will explain." Then, as gently as possible, the doctor told the man what had occurred. "Appendiceetis! Appendix to the dictionary! and didn't ye go through my pockets?" "My good man, I'm not a highway robber," said the doctor, beginning to fear that the patient's mind was unbalanced. "Wal, good Lord, I wish 't ye had 'a' bin. I'd be better off now with all my appendixes and suppelmunts, fur tha' wa'n't nuthin' in my *pockets* that I'd miss ef ye'd only stopped at *them*. Now, jess go look in the inside pocket to my coat, 'n' see what ye'll find." Doctor Raymond obeyed, and found a paper on which was written: "I have fits. Take off my coat and put me where it is cool and quiet. I'll come to in two or three hours."

"Ye see, Doc., I thought o' course they'd look in my pockets, ef I was took 'ith one o' my spells, to see where to take me or who my folks was. I ain't hed one now for nigh on to five year; tho't mebbe I'd got shet of 'em. Anyhow, 'twouldn't do to tell the men — 'twould queer me with 'em. But I'll be dummed ef I ever tho't of anybody cuttin' me up. I've had 'em ever sence I was a kid, 'n' they've done everything. Used to bleed me; 'n' onct my hair was all took off my head with stuff they put on, — most o' the skin, too. They blistered my feet so't I couldn't walk; but nuthin' did no good, so they finally got to lettin' me alone 'n' I was beginnin' to git better. I kinder out-growed 'em 'n' come back East to sort o' git away from my reppitation. Thought mebbe change o' climate 'n' livin' out o' doors ud fix me."

It seemed best for both his patient and himself to avoid conversation for the rest of the night, so, making him comfortable and telling him to call if he wished anything, Doctor Raymond lay down on a couch in his den. There was little danger that sleep would interfere with his duties as a nurse. The chagrin and mortification at his professional error was not his only trouble, though he realized what the result might be if the man

wished to be disagreeable. Youth has strong confidence in itself, and he felt sure of being able, by starting anew elsewhere, to overcome any adverse criticism which might arise. But, alas! his finances would hardly bear the strain of entertaining the invalid, if he proved to be a guest instead of a paying patient, though no thought of this had entered Raymond's mind when he took the sufferer in as an act of common humanity; and so, if the small revenue his meager practice brought were cut off, and he must move and wait again, is it strange that the morning found him more haggard than his patient, who slept heavily until daylight?

As the doctor sat before his untasted breakfast, the Irish laborer brought a note from the superintendent, saying that Thomas Wheeler was a valuable man and the company would bear the expense of his illness and keep up his pay. The doctor was instructed to procure whatever help was needed to care for him properly. Raymond assured the man that the patient had passed a comfortable night, and that there was every reason to believe he would be out in two or three weeks' time. When the message and the good wishes of his fellow-laborers were repeated to Wheeler, he exclaimed: " Well, Doc., ye look's if ye was as much cut up 'bout this 's I be, tho' it's all in yer feelin's in *your* case. Now, I've been doin' a spell o' thinkin' over this here sitooation, 'n' I do' know's it'll help matters any fer me to kick. My appendix is gone — can't never have appendiceetis now, for sure, that's one comfort. 'Twouldn't do me no good to tell folks that 'twa'n't your high-soundin' disease after all, jess a plain, common fit, 'n' no use o' me losin' my sequel, 'n' I kin see how it might give *you* a mighty lot o' trouble. I'm havin' a vacation on full pay 'n' you're bein' put to all the onconvenience. So le's shake on it, Doc., 'n' we'll call it square. Mebbe it's helped ye t' git yer eye-teeth thro' a leetle further."

So the little household, with the addition of the invalid and his nurse, moved smoothly on for two weeks, when the patient was pronounced able to leave for his own lodgings. It was with real regret that Raymond bade him good-by; for his frank friendliness and homely philosophy had been a cheering thing to the lonely young physician.

Five years later, Doctor Raymond had become one of the visiting physicians at a large city hospital, when one day he was hurriedly called into the operating-room to assist the chief surgeon with a case of appendicitis. The patient was prepared for the operation when Doctor Raymond entered, and they silently fell into their places and watched the skilful work. Everything proceeded as usual until the culminating point of the task was reached, when it was found that there was no appendix to be removed. As the man was being taken to a ward, a sudden suspicion caused Doctor Raymond to look intently at his face, and he recognized his old friend, Thomas Wheeler. It was not his duty to visit that ward, and he found no opportunity to speak with Wheeler until a few days before he was discharged from the hospital. The nurse left the bedside as Raymond passed, and he took the opportunity to step quietly before the patient.

"Wal, Doc., is it you?" he said. "Twa'n't so strange ye made a mistake, boy as ye was, now, was it, when this here big gun went 'n' done th' same thing? 'N' I thought I had 'em fixed sure this time with a piece o' parchment sewed to my shirt; but I'll be dummed ef th' blamed sweat didn't blur the writin' so't they couldn't read it. I'll fix it some way tho' for next time."

. . . . . .

Again an ambulance responded to a hurry call, and a patient was taken at once to the operating-room. The examination of the head physician confirmed the report of the emergency doctor: An acute attack of appendicitis. Immediate operation necessary.

Doctor Raymond was summoned. Suddenly, the nurse who was preparing the patient for the operating-table exclaimed:

"Oh, doctor, please look at this!"

The surgeon stooped over the prostrate man and found tattooed across his abdomen these words:

"*Stop. Don't cut. Appendix removed twice.*"

Stepping to the man's head he found again his old patient, about to be for the third time a martyr.



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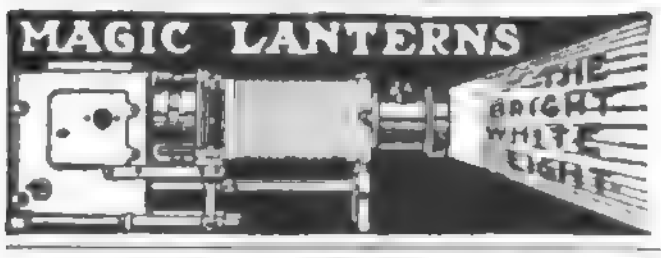


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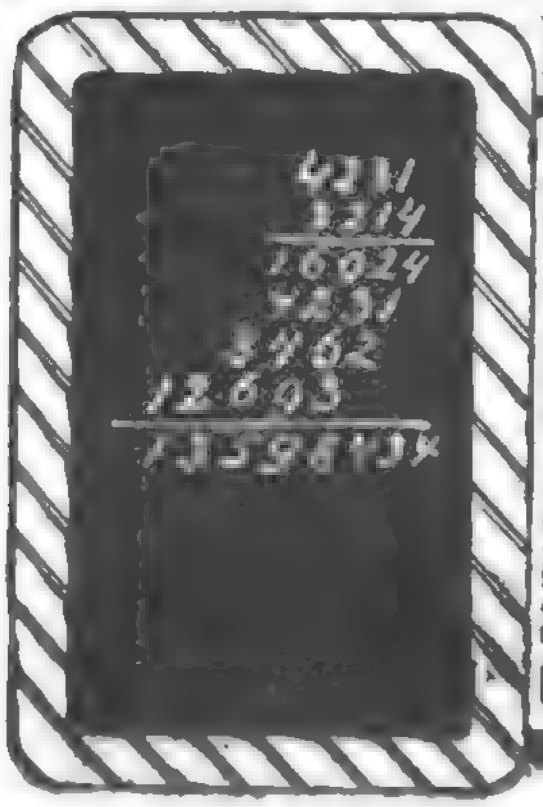
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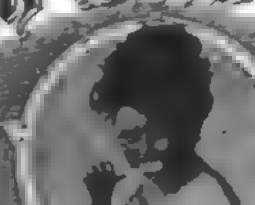
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OCTOBER 1, 1905



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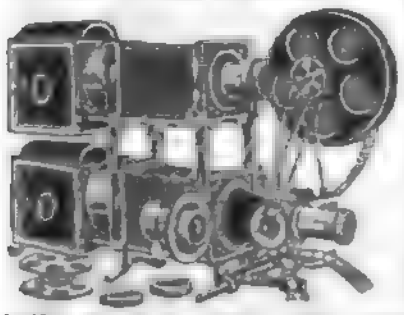
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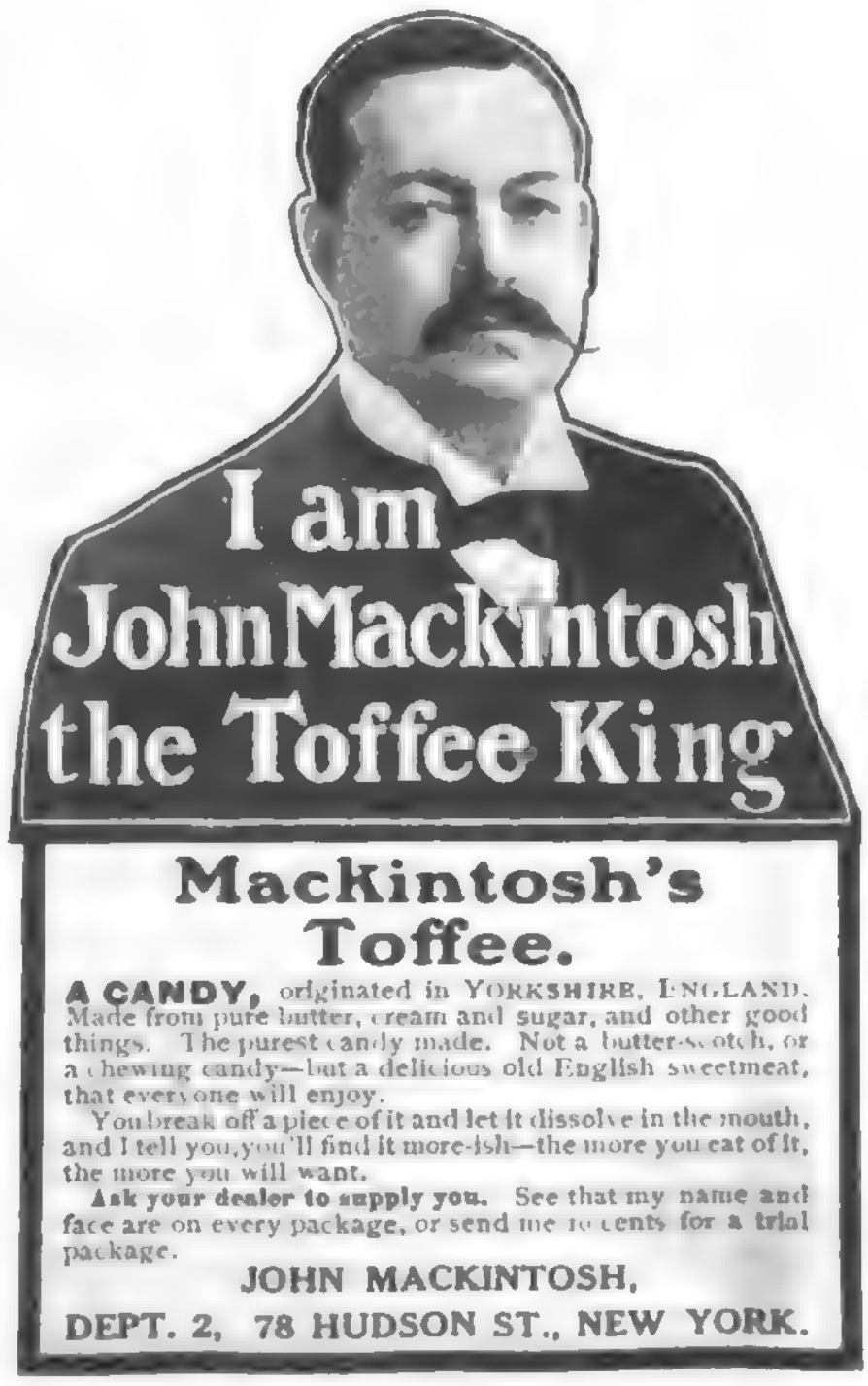
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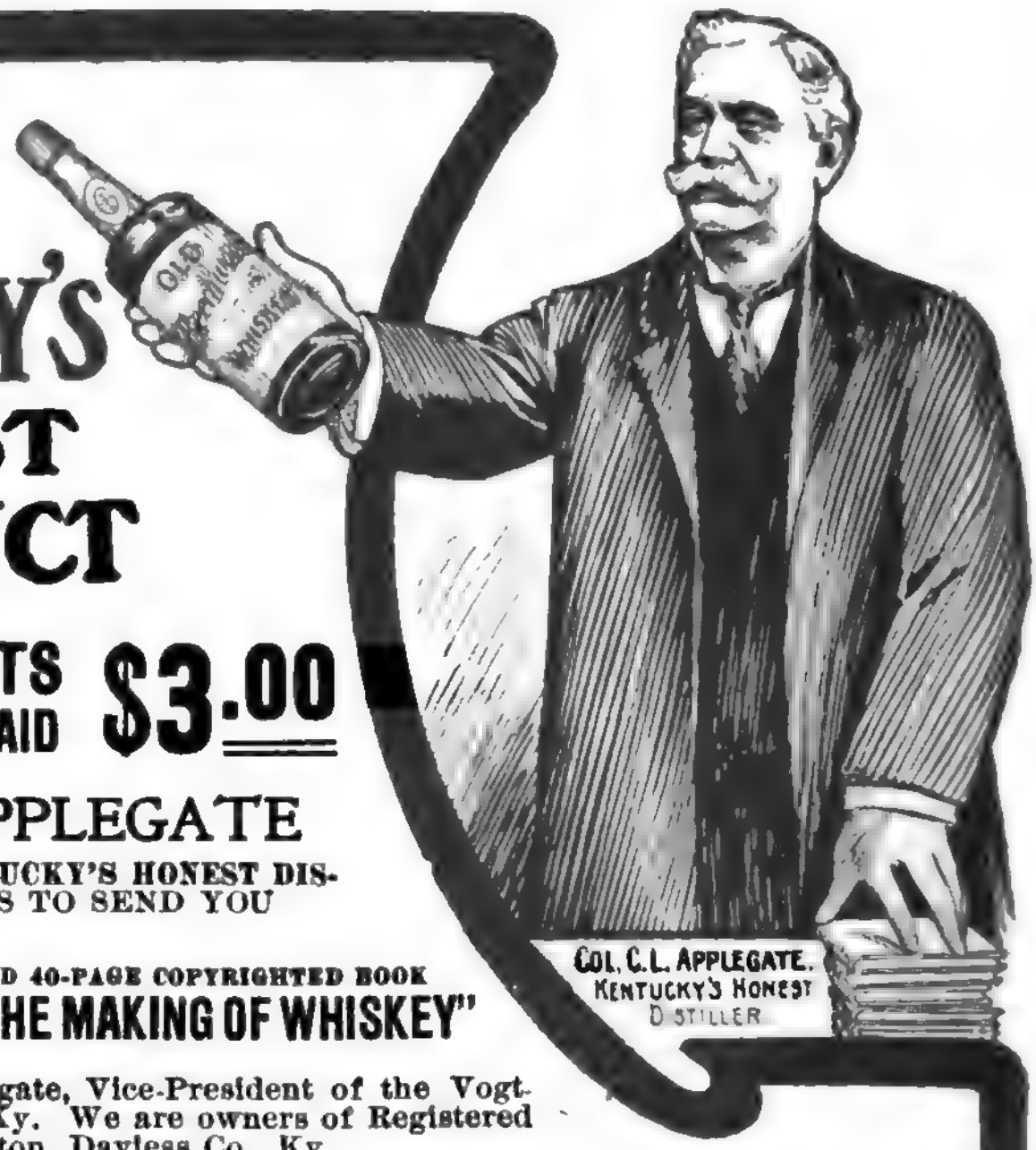
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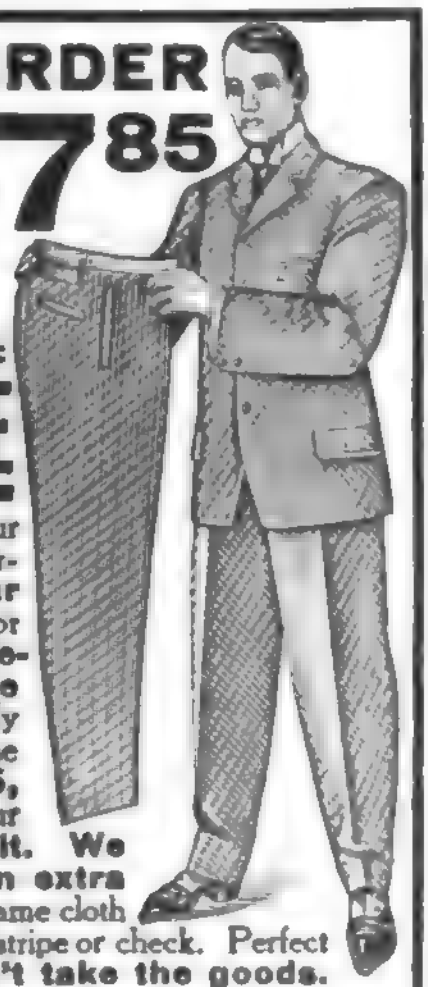
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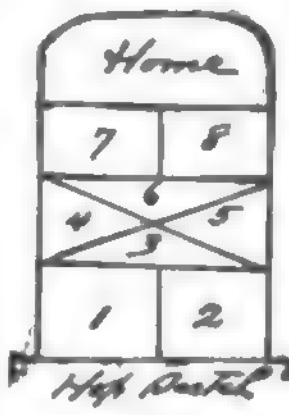
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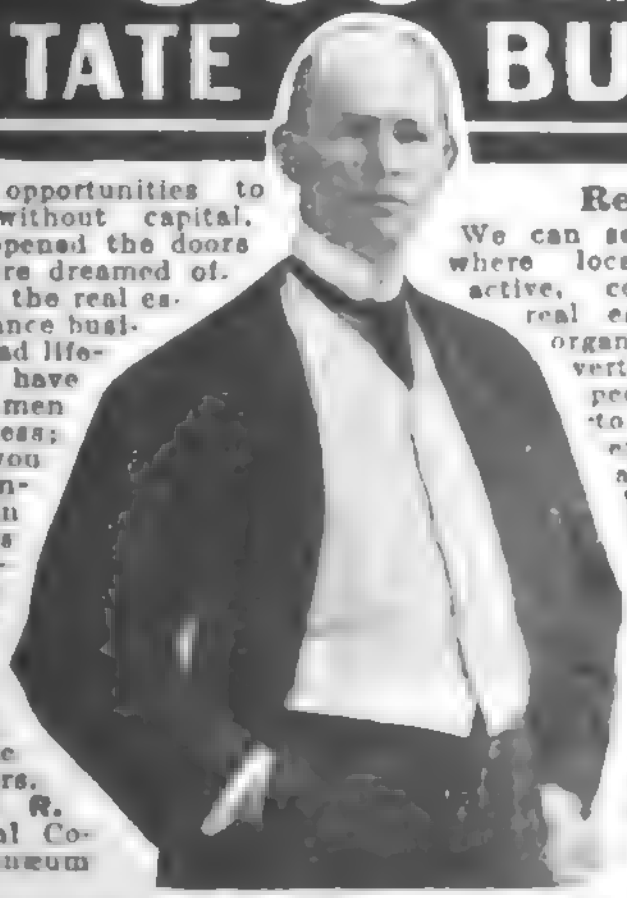
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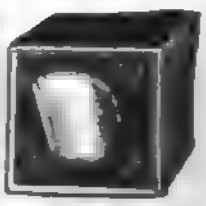
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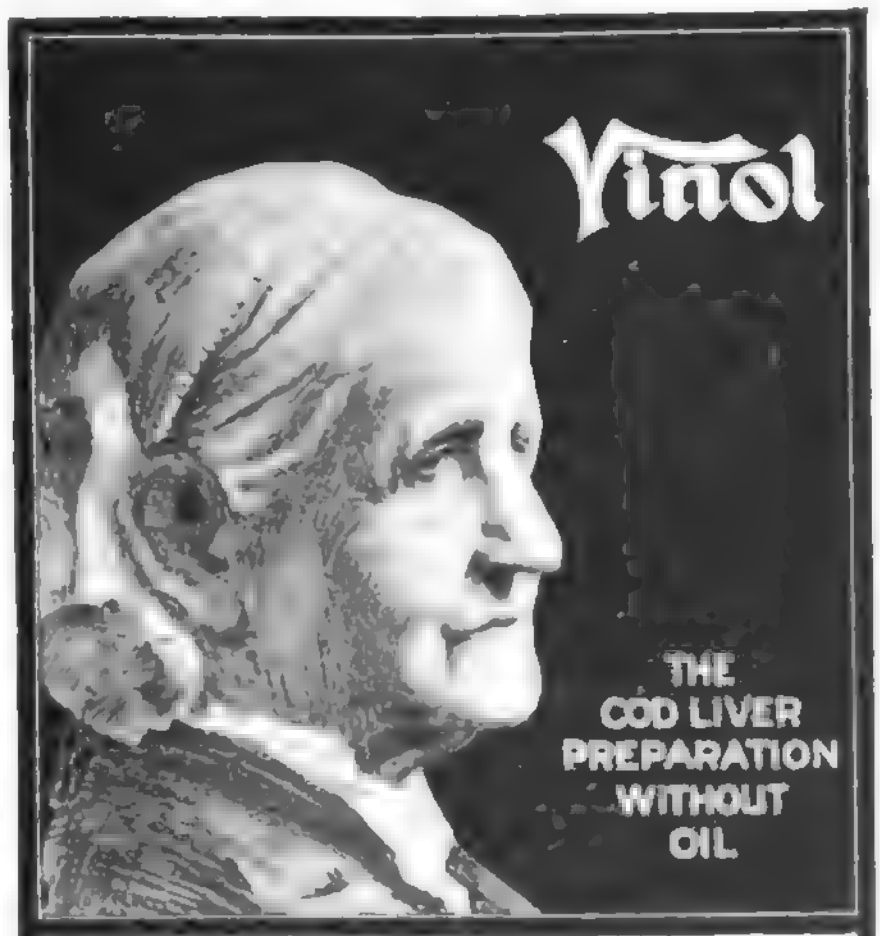
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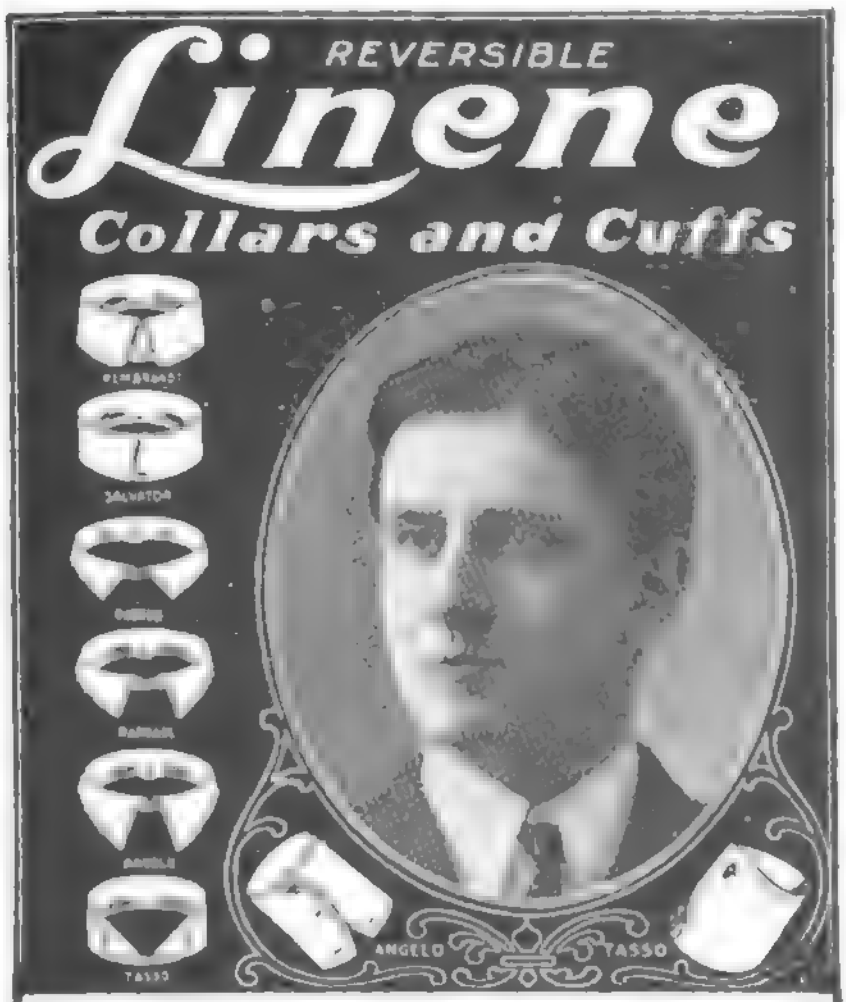
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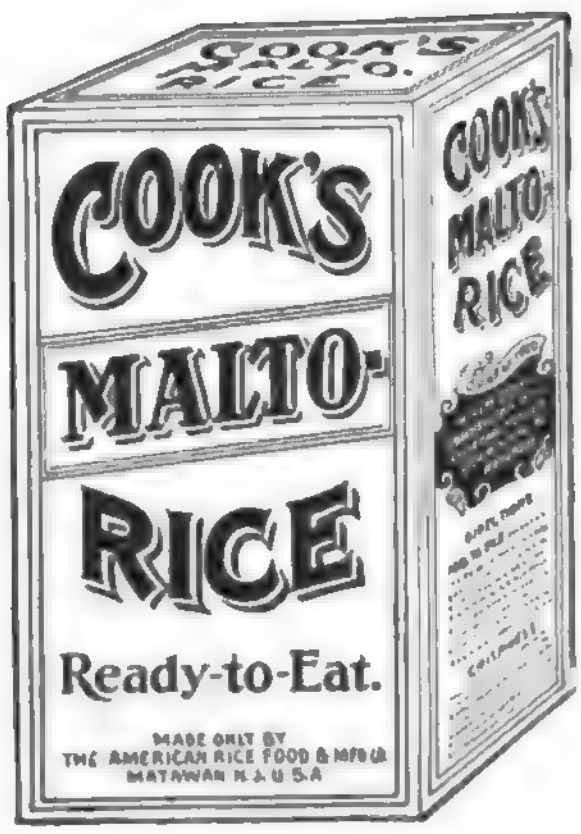
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